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THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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BALLET GIRLS ON A STRIKE—'TIS THE GIRLS' DELIGHT TO PULL HAIR AND FIGHT, FOR CHAMPAGNE MAKES THEM SO—A SUPPER WHICH WOUND UP WITH A BLACK-EYE AND BRUISED-FACE DESSERT—A LIVELY SCRIMMAGE AND A THREATENED CORNER IN THE CROCKERY MARKET; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 3.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Proprietor.

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FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, June 26, 1880.

CAUTION.

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NOTICE.

Correspondents desiring any information in regard to sporting matters, or on any subject pertaining to sport in their vicinity will please address all their communications to W. E. Harding, Sporting Editor, NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, 183 William Street, New York. Mr. Harding's large experience amply qualifies him to deal with this department, and his thorough knowledge of everything in the sporting line enables him to give intelligent information on every point which may arise. We intend to make this department of the GAZETTE a feature in its columns, and our readers can assist by giving an account of every noteworthy event which occurs in their community. Be careful that all letters are addressed as above.

Answers to Correspondents.

Photographs and Sketches mailed to this paper exclusively, if made use of, will be liberally paid for. We also desire to obtain the name and address of each artist and photographer throughout the entire country.

W. D., Syracuse, N. Y.—Consult some reputable physician in your own town. Pulmonary complaints are curable if taken in time.

A. M., Harrisburg, Pa.—There is no such firm in this city. Address a letter to the chief of police, and you will probably obtain satisfaction.

G. G. S., St. Joseph, Mo.—Thanks for item. Cannot comply with your request. Reason—a correspondent already in your city. May do so in the future.

H. C. S., New Orleans.—The date of the fight mentioned will be found in the "History of the American Prize Ring." The date of each and every event is authentic.

M. T. C., Council Bluffs, Ia.—Yes. The quotation referred to will be found in Byron's "Don Juan." Cannot tell where the next match will come off. It will be announced in due time.

"Axon," Star City, Ark.—Your communication, though well written, was worthless. Don't hesitate so long before you write. News must be fresh. Events which are a month old won't do at this office. Keep up with the times.

P. B., Cleveland, O.—Don't get impatient. "Footlight Favorites" is now being compiled, and the delay will be amply compensated for in the completeness of biographical matter which the book will contain. The photographs embrace the best and most popular actresses on the stage.

B. W., Rochester, N. Y.—There are six of the leading artists of the United States employed on the GAZETTE, and each one of them figured in last week's issue. Under such circumstances we cannot give your effort a place. You will have to practice a few years longer before you can attain to our standard.

"Sport," Buffalo, N. Y.—To ensure immediate attention you should address all letters to the sporting editor. He is considered the best authority on such matters in the country, and his connection with the GAZETTE has given its sporting columns a value to all who take an interest in sport of all kinds.

LAWYER, Washington, D. C.—We are inclined to the belief that your questions are the outcome of cynicism rather than a desire for enlightenment. Why things are so and so you have as good an opportunity of judging as ourselves. We will endeavor to oblige you by answering your questions in detail in a future number.

INQUIRER, Fort Wayne, Ind.—"Glimpses of Gotham" has been one of the most successful books of the season. A second edition is now in press. Many vivid illustrations of the scenes described have been placed in this new edition, and other improvements added which will enhance its merit as the best description of the "night side" of New York ever issued from the press.

ATHLETE.—1st. Dobler has only started once in a six-day race. He had a sprained ankle; nevertheless he made the fastest time on record for 31, 36, 53, 72, 74 and 78 hours, covering 330 miles and 440 yards, when he was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism. He finished fourth, covering 531 miles, going two days on one leg, as it were. 2d. Blower Brown has started six times in six-day races. In the first race for the Astley belt and world's championship at London, won by O'Leary, Brown finished third with a score of 447 2-7 miles. In the race for the English champion belt at London, October, 1878, Brown finished second to Corkey, with a record of 505 2-7 miles. At London, April 12 to 26, 1879, in a contest for the English Astley belt, Brown won, covering 542 1-2 miles, beating all previous records. At London, June 10, 1879, in a contest for the Astley belt and world's championship, Brown was beaten by Weston and came in second, clearing 453 miles. At New York, in October, 1879, in the contest for the O'Leary belt, Brown quit at 42 miles. At London, England, February, 1880, Brown won the English Astley belt and covered 533 miles, beating all the records.

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

It is a periodical fashion with several of the leading journals of the country to dose their readers with a long-winded homily upon the lawlessness of the citizens of Texas. It is generally patent on its face that the majority of these efforts are born out of a severe want of something to write about rather than from any desire to point a moral, for in few instances is there displayed in these articles anything that approaches a spirit of fairness or a liberality of treatment. The people of the Lone Star State are made to appear collectively as little better than a horde of bandits who shoot, stab and kill just for the sake of diversion; that its courts are places where law is burlesqued, and its judges aiders and abettors in the deeds of criminals.

Such representations have conduced greatly to the detriment of one of the richest states, in point of natural resources, in the country, and served to place thousands of honorable, law-loving and abiding citizens under a ban of opprobrium. No one will attempt to deny that Texas does not contain within its borders many very desperate characters. Perhaps more in proportion to her population than any other state in the Union.

It is a very natural thing that she should, considering her vast area of territory and the sparse manner in which it is settled. Lawlessness is characteristic of new countries, and Texas is still in her infancy so far as the development of her resources is concerned. Writers upon her society seem to overlook these facts and jump at conclusions which are unfair to that portion of the population who respect the laws and live scrupulously up to the letter of them. So far as the dispensation of justice in the courts go, there are many states just as bad, who boast of a higher civilization. Here in the state of New York crimes are committed and their authors escape punishment through some loop-hole best known to the culprit and the judges.

The Currie trial which has been in progress during the past week has furnished the enemies of Texas with an opportunity to fling a good quantity of rhetorical mud at her fair fame. They have accepted it as a foregone conclusion that this cowardly assassin would be acquitted, and asserted that such a result can only be the outcome of the state of society which exists in that commonwealth. The prisoner's side of the story has not yet been heard. The facts so far presented have all been against him, and we have that faith in the judges who presides over his trial that we believe that if they are substantiated he will be made to suffer the penalty. The press of the entire State have been loud in their denunciation of his crime, and at all times show a disposition to serve the right. Even if Currie should be acquitted it would still be unfair to make his case an example to prove that justice cannot be obtained in that State. As well take the case of several influential and wealthy murderers who have been acquitted in this State and claim that justice is played out here.

The GAZETTE is opposed to this spirit of unfairness in discussing Texan affairs. We hold it to be contemptible in any writer to be governed solely by his prejudices, especially when the object of his misrepresentations is a large state inhabited by thousands of people whose welfare is damaged and retarded by such a course. We would ask no more for Texas than for any other state. Let the same rules of criticism apply to a discussion of her affairs as are used when dealing with other parts of the country. This course once adopted, all things considered, she will stand comparison with the rest. Under the present spirit of criticism thousands who would settle and develop her resources, are kept away, and she is hampered in her advancement to that civilization which her best citizens (and they are a big majority) desire.

LESS LAW AND MORE JUSTICE.

It is manifest that several more judges are needed to get through with the judicial business of the country. There is now practically a denial of justice, for men who wish for the arbitrament of a court of law are compelled to compromise just claims or else submit to long and vexatious delays and a fearful bill of costs. Somehow or other, no matter how the trial of an action is delayed, the bill of costs is daily increased.

If the appeal system is not curtailed there will be vexatious delays and heavy bills of costs, even if there are a dozen more judges; and we believe that the reform might well be begun by strictly limiting appeals from the verdicts of juries.

Juries are fallible; so are judges; for any one who reads the records of our courts will see that it is a common incident for one court to reverse the decision of another court, and also that now and then judges sitting on the same bench differ from each other. Who can tell which court is right? Who can tell that the verdict of a second jury is more correct than the first?

If the court is of the opinion that the judge misdirected the jury, and that probably the verdict was the result of that misdirection, there ought to be a new trial. But we object to a new trial on the ground that the verdict was contrary to the weight of evidence, for it is distinctly the function of the

jury to weigh the evidence. So far as the verdict of the jury with respect to the fact is concerned, it should be final, and should not be interfered with by judges, who are in jury cases judges of the law and not of the facts.

Such a change would put a stop to a great deal of vexatious litigation and save the time of the courts. No doubt that occasionally some unreasonable verdicts would stand, but generally there would be a great gain to litigants. If it is to be the rule to reconsider the verdict of juries, it will be better to abolish trial by juries in civil actions; and to that change every man possessed of common sense would be emphatically opposed.

A PROFICIENT BRANCH OF SERVICE

A Study In Which the West Point Cadets are Letter Perfect.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The recent examination of the West Point Cadets prior to their graduation has been in progress at that place during the past week. Their relatives, friends and female admirers have been there in force, and they had been made to feel as happy as a big sunflower. The first class having concluded their examination were permitted an easy time, and the other classes appeared to have their duties considerably relaxed, so that the relief all round from the continuous and exacting duties of study and drill must have been extremely pleasant. The great delight, however, for the cadets were the influx of pretty girls in muslin and Gainsborough hats. There were certainly on hand more than one a piece for each cadet in the battalion of over three hundred. For many cadets were observed individually taking charge of two and in several instances of three young ladies down the shady path known as "Flirtation" walk and under the sycamore trees above the water battery. Out on the plains, in among the trees, down about the rocks by the river's edge, cadets with pieces of animated muslin linked on to them were to be observed. No cadets, as far as could be seen, was without his attendant divinity, and certainly none missed finding a partner at the ball in the evening. The ladies were from everywhere, north, south, east and west and, of course, they were all beautiful in a degree. They were mostly young, too, varying in age from sweet sixteen to charming twenty-two. They dressed, as a rule, in artless, school girl costume, careless style of hair, and talked in such innocent and gushing ways that the boys of the Academy cannot possibly be blamed if their heads were a little bit turned. The rigid discipline which is customary was relaxed and several of the gallant warriors availed themselves of the presence of beauty to indulge in a little sparking in a quiet way. The benches near Flirtation walk were well utilized—that is, by the cadets. The attendant divinity had no need of a bench so long as a manly lap was around. Many vows were whispered which may make Mrs. General, Colonel or Major So-and-so in the future. Hurrah for Uncle Sam's defenders!

"I'LL TARRY A LITTLE LONGER, JUDGE."

An Actress Who Would Not Stay at Home, and the Scrimmage That Such a Decision Caused—A Proposition That Did Not Meet With Favor.

[With Portrait.]

Last week an elderly couple appeared in the Tombs Police Court and preferred a charge against J. F. Brien, an actor, of having lured their daughter, Helen Blye, an actress, from her home. Subsequently Mr. Blye, the father of Miss Blye, and Brien, met upon the street and an altercation ensued. Both men were arrested and taken into court, where Blye was charged with assault, and Brien was in turn stated to have abducted and secreted Miss Blye. Both men were paroled until the next day, when they were ordered to produce the young woman in court. The case came up again last Saturday, when all the interested parties appeared. The examination was carried on in Justice Duff's private room. When called upon to state her case Miss Blye denied that Brien had been in any way responsible for her leaving home. She intimated that domestic difficulties in which her father was the leading spirit was the main cause of her actions. The impression was also given both by Miss Blye and Mr. Brien that they were warmly attached to each other, and the justice proposed to end all scandal by marrying the couple then and there. The lady was apparently entirely willing that such a consummation should be reached at once, but Brien remained silent. Seeing his unwillingness, Miss Blye said: "Well, Judge, I guess I'll tarry a little longer," and there the matter dropped. Colonel Blye was released in bonds to keep the peace, and that phase of the scandal came to an end.

A PAIR OF SNEAKS.

How Travellers Are Shorn of Their Valuables in Hotels.

[With Portraits.]

The Chicago police authorities received a telegram from this city last week to keep their eyes on the lookout for a man named Miller, who had escaped from jail in this city. After a short search they captured the ex-prisoner and his wife, both of whom are very expert hotel thieves. They have worked in conjunction with each other for several years and have been very successful in their operations. Their method of working is decidedly of the sneak order. Engaging a room in some of the principal hotels they watch their opportunity for open doors and after pilaging a room of its contents skip out for pastures new. Their arrest is very gratifying to hotel proprietors.

SEASONING.

THE average woman is composed of 243 bones, 169 muscles, 21 old newspapers and 210 hairpins.

LEAF year hasn't panned out worth a cent for old maids. Men are such bashful creatures, you know.

HAVING asked his girl for a kiss as a tonic, she replied that there was such a thing as being too tonic.

JAMES H. GALLUP and Emma Canter were married at Grand Rapids a few days ago. Give 'em time and they'll make a spanking team.

THIS habit of ministers kissing female members of their flocks may not be wrong, but it's apt to raise fever blisters on the congregation.

WEST PHILADELPHIA has a woman who admits that her baby is not half so pretty as her neighbor's. She has been sent to an insane asylum.

IN Italy when a man has a No. 10 voice they make an opera singer of him; in America he becomes an auctioneer. The man gets rich in either case.

THIS is the season of the year when young people go to the woods to eat fruit, cake and pickles out of the same plate. The proper name for these excursions is picnics.

"SIR, you are a political hyena, a perambulating monument of meanness, a bankrupt in everything but cheek!" "Boss, I don't understand German, but I'll drink with you!"

NO one should make sport of love. The chap who can't love for all he's worth when young, is the man whom grocers compel to pay cash down when he's old and bald headed.

TAKE a bran new straw hat, drop it into the cylinder of a threshing machine, and when it has been run out onto the straw stack by the carrier, you have the latest style of ladies' hat.

"PRY is akin to love," he said. "Ah, yes," she murmured, with a flood of love-light in her eyes, "why not try me? I am akin to be loved." The ceremony came off in a week.

LADY, engaging parlor maid: "And why did you leave your last place?" Candidate, bridling: "Which I were considered too good-looking, mum. Visitors were always a takin' me for the missus, mum."

"YOUNG man," said the orator, impressively, "do you want to go down to a drunkard's grave?" "Well," replied the young man with the careless grace of a man who isn't accustomed to refusing, "I don't care if I do. Whereabouts is your grave?"

A SUCCESSION of direful shrieks is heard on the first floor. Fond mother—What is the matter with Billy? Colored servant—Please, ma'am, he is cryin' about de Jewberries. "He can't have any more. He has had four sauteerfuls already." "Dem is de berry ones he is whoopin' about. He's all swolled up."

"YES," said a fresh girl at a show, "I know my bean goes out between acts, but he's nice and never drinks anything but a cup of coffee, because I can always smell it as plain as day, and I know the smell of coffee from beer or whisky, if I am a little bit green." It is a very happy thing for a young man to have a girl's confidence.

"SING me, my own," he whispered lovingly, as they both sat down on the one piano stool, "sing me 'Oh, whisper what thou feelest.'" "I will, young man, I will," said the tremulous tones of her papa from the direction of the door; "we will sing it as a duet, you and I. I will feel, and you can whisper what it is." And then he felt for the boy with his feet.

YOUNG men should never lose presence of mind in a trying situation. When you take the girl you love to a picnic, and you wander away, wander away together to commune with nature, and she suddenly exclaims, "Oh, George, there's an ant down my back!" don't stand still with your mouth open; don't faint; don't go for the girl's mother; go for the ant.

THERE'S something about your daughter," Mr. Waughop said, reflectively; "there's something about your daughter—" "Yes," said old Mr. Thistlepod, "there is. I had noticed it myself. It comes every evening about 8 o'clock, and doesn't get away usually till about 2 o'clock. And some of these nights I am going to lift it all the way from the front parlor to the side gate and see what there is in it."

A YOUNG lady takes advantage of leap year and proposes to the object of her adoration in the following manner:

I'll sew thy shirts and darn thy hose,
Thy victuals cook, thy fires will light;
I'll grease thy graceful Grecian nose
Each snowy, croupy, wintry night.
So, surely thou'll not tell me nay,
And bid me, dying, quit thy side;
Brace up, pull down your vest and say
That I may be thy blushing bride.

IT was dinner time in a select boarding house. At that interesting moment a new boarder arrived. He was a venerable-looking gentleman, with long, silvery hair hanging low upon his shoulders. His face beamed with benevolence and a sweet repose betokening a pure and holy life. As he joined the other guests at the table the landlady looked toward him, saying: "Won't you please ask a blessing, sir?" and the venerable stranger shouted in reply: "You'll have to talk louder, marm; I'm so d—d deaf."—*Southwestern Presbyterian.*

Two ragged urchins stood one day
Before the great church door.
And watched the folks in rich array
From out the temple pour.

"My eyes! but ain't they toney though!
And don't they sport the dress!
What be they, Joe?" "Oh, I dunno—
They're Christian folks, I guess."

"They be! Then, if we had the cash,
And nothing else to do,
And washed and dressed, and cut a dash,
Would we be Christians, too?"

A BALLET ON STRIKE.

Some Expensive Profanity That Ended
in a Blow-Up.

THE BALLET-GIRL'S SUPPER

From Champagne and Oysters to
Bruises and Black Eyes.

A FINE WHICH WAS NOT ASSESSED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There has been trouble of a curious sort in the ballet of one of our prominent up town theatres. It was nothing less than a strike of the members of that enchanting force. A demand having been made on the management for the summary expulsion of one of the members and refused, the entire corps signified its intention of withdrawing from the theatre, and in order to have the performances proceed, the powers that ruled the front of the house had to succumb to that behind. The obnoxious person was "fired out" and harmony happily restored. The details of the affair are spicy enough for a French farce.

It is the custom among ballet-girls to fine whoever, makes use of profane language in the dressing-room at the rate of five cents an oath. The product of this assessment in the interest of moral English is devoted each week to the providing of a banquet, in which all hands (and feet) of the ballet take part. Tuesday, famous in theatrical annals from time immemorial as that on which salaries are paid, is the day selected for the feast. As far as its adaptability for a junketing is concerned, any day would do, of course. But as ballet-girls are not endowed with cash on the same liberal scale as limb, it is found necessary to assess their fines on them in the shape of a memorandum from day to day, which is presented for payment as each delinquent receives her weekly stipend. The volume devoted to this purpose has been facetiously christened the "black book." The keeper of the black book is chosen every week, and everybody is eligible for that by no means easy service. The keeping of the book is simple enough. Anybody who has ears and can write can keep a record of the number of times Miss So-and-so takes the name of her Creator in vain. But when it comes to "striking" her for fifty cents out of her salary of six dollars a week when she has already spent the whole of it in anticipation for a Division street spring bonnet or a pair of Boulevard de Blecker shoes, the count keeper has her hands full. Squabbles are frequent around the prompter's table, where the ballet salaries are paid, but they generally end in victory for the assessment. For the finee knows that if she doesn't foot up her fine squarely something is likely to happen to her. Now and then one does make a stand off of it. The girls invariably manage to make it so hot for her that she either is glad to make good and never tries it again or leaves the theatre.

Two weeks ago one young lady found her sins of verbal commission estimated at \$1.15. It had been a desperately bad week with her. She had had a row with her latest wash, lost a beautiful Parisian solitaire that could hardly be told from real and her best and newest suit spoiled passing under the elevated railroad. A combination like this, the reader must allow, would make a saint swear, let alone a ballet girl. So when salary day came around Miss Cora found herself confronted with a bill of costs that, to use her own expression, made her hair curl.

She refused to pay it. Explaining the circumstances which had produced her excessive profanity, she pointed out the manifest injustice of her being a sufferer through the vindictiveness of Fate, and being also compelled to pay such a penalty for giving vent to her natural sentiments on the matter. Her argument carried weight with the majority of the ballet, most of whom had been near there themselves. In fact only one made any objection. That one was a young woman of exceptionally high-toned and sanctimonious character. She never swore—in public at least. No fine had ever been entered against her. She considered profanity one of the lowest and most debased vices of humanity, and had no sympathy with swearers of course, and, as according to the rules of the ballet-room no measure can be carried without unanimous consent, her objection held, and poor Miss Cora had to make her fine good.

She did so, and when she did, swore vengeance.

That evening when her enemy arrived at the theatre she found several important portions of her wardrobe missing. While she was seeking them her satchel was opened and her tights, which the girls always carry home with them, found their way by some mysterious agency into one of the wash basins. She looked a whole's ang dictionary, but she did not swear, even while tearing her finger-nails or pulling the wet tights on. She got them on at last, but as she struck the stage the heat of the footlights commenced to evaporate the dampness in a cloud of vapor out of which she loomed like a very full-breasted oherubim. The audience roared, and so did the stage manager, only they roared to different purposes, and when the victim came off she found herself forfeited a dollar of her salary for appearing on the stage in a condition unbecoming to a lady.

Like the captain of the Pinafore her feelings got the better of her and she gave them expression in the remark:

"Oh, damn it! It's too bad!"

The shocking words were hardly out of her mouth before Miss Cora, who had been appointed fine-keep-

er for the new week, had the dread record entered in her book.

"What are you doing there?" demanded the other.

"Fining you, of course."

"Don't you dare fine me, you devilish low thing you."

"Five cents."

The exigencies of the scene separated them before any more penalties fell due. But all through the evening the performance was kept up. The vengeful Cora never left her victim. She was at her heels in the wings, and alongside of her in the dressing-room. Even on the stage, where she once made a misstep and also a remark of a vigorous character, she heard the now familiar remark:

"Five cents."

The consequence of this can be imagined. By the time the curtain fell she was ripe for a fight on the slightest provocation. She had sworn like a drunken trooper and filled a page in the black book with the record of her crimes. She would have kept on till she had filled the whole book if the supper-hadn't claimed her attention. For, albeit she had never before been a contributor towards its procurement she had never failed to help eat it, and help too, after a fashion that bore witness to an exceedingly perfect digestion. The girls were fond of remarking that her appetite was, like herself, entirely too good.

The ballet supper is always given in the back room of a little tavern adjoining the theatre and much patronized by people from the play house. From the fact that they have only to walk out of one door into another the girls are in the habit of simply throwing a circular or ulster over their stage dress, and attiring themselves for the street at their leisure. This portion of the performance is the most interesting part of it, of course, to the various gentlemen whose prerogative it is to assist at the feast. Each lady has some particular friend whom she is privileged to invite, and after the beer is drunk and the sandwiches devoured the friends invariably produce a special pool of their own and send out for oysters, wine and cigars.

On the present occasion in the usual programme was carried out to the letter. Just about when the fight began nobody exactly knows, but it was after the wine came in; for the battle was opened when Miss Cora received an unsolicited bottle of champagne in her face. She retaliated by blacking her assailant's eye with a plate. For a while afterwards the room looked as if it was raining crockery, bottles, oyster shells and glass-ware. When the tempest cleared and the landlord entered to collect damages, there were two dilapidated young women glaring at one another from opposite corners and wondering how they were to get home without freezing to death or violating a city ordinance.

And on top of it all Miss Cora's enemy refused to pay the assessment next salary day, which accounts for the strike.

WHERE'S THE BABY.

Scandal's Tongue Set Wagging—A Dashing Young Man, Handsome Young Woman, Doctors and Great Secrecy.

The town of Montville, in Ohio, is shaken from stern to stern over an affair which smokes very rank of scandal. The facts are these, gleaned from both sides involved: Charles Allen, son of Daniel Allen, an old resident of the place, has for two years up to the first of March kept company with a handsome, buxom, damsel named Sebra Goodrich, who has been employed in different families in the community.

Nothing was thought of the intimacy until six months since, when Sebra's appearance set the tongues of gossips wagging. Hints were dropped that she was in an interesting condition, but she and her friends stoutly denied this soft impeachment. A physician of the place was called to prescribe for a difficulty peculiar to the sex and did so for a time. He became convinced, however, that something was wrong and refused to attend further without being allowed to examine

THE GIRL'S CONDITION.

This was not permitted and he dropped the case. This created more talk, but Sebra paid no heed to it, and appeared in public frequently in spite of her apparent condition, which became so marked that everyone noticed it.

Her step-father, Myron Dutton, who claims to have medical knowledge, took the case in hand and circulated a story of his own as to the cause of the girl's peculiar symptoms. This did not quiet gossip, and about the first of March Allen and the girl were married.

The interest in the matter began to subside, when two weeks ago the young wife was taken sick. No one outside of the family had been at the house for a week or two, but a physician was sent for in haste. He was out, but when he returned to the office—two hours later—he found word awaiting that he would not be needed. The neighbors expected nothing more nor less than to hear of

A CHILD BEING BORN.

but such was not the case. Mr. Dutton, the girl's mother and her husband explained that her disease had succumbed to treatment and she had recovered. No outsiders were allowed in the house, however, for a day or two, and the girl is now up and around. The interest in the matter has intensified up to the present time. The whole neighborhood clamors for an investigation, but the parties most concerned swear there is no cause for one. They stick to the story of the peculiar illness which was finally cured by the step-father's doctoring.

Jacob Brownawell, an eccentric character, came near killing himself near Myerstown, Pa., the other day. He had stabbed his legs and face with a knife until, when found on the roadside, he was very weak from loss of blood. He explained that a great number of devils had attacked him, and in fighting the devils away he had inflicted the wounds.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

Steamboats Crashing Together in a Fog.
Amid the Rushing Flames and in the
Black Waters—Mothers Torn From
Their Children, Husbands From Their
Wives—A Terrible Scene.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Nearly at midnight on Friday, the 11th inst., the two large steamboats of the Stonington line came in collision in Long Island Sound. Both boats were crowded with passengers. Competition had driven the fare between New York and Boston, by way of the Sound, down to \$1. Many poor persons took advantage of the small fare, and all the boats since the reduction have carried large crowds. On Friday night there was a dense fog, which swept in from the sea, and did not lift for two hours after daybreak. Veiled in this fog, the two steamboats, approaching from opposite directions, crashed into one another. The Narragansett left her wharf in New York at the close of the afternoon. The Stonington left her wharf in Stonington several hours later. There was a heavy fog the whole length of the Sound when the Stonington started. This same fog overtook the Narragansett. Both steamers plunged on at a good rate of speed, sounding their fog whistles and trusting to the accurate hearing of their pilots and masters to find them a safe way. Every half minute the

WHISTLES SHRIEKED FORTH

their harsh notes. To an inexperienced person the sound of a fog whistle seems to come from all points of the compass. The faint sound of the Narragansett's whistle was first heard by the Stonington at a point just beyond the Cornfield Lightship, which is stationed a few miles west of the mouth of the Connecticut River, and about five miles from the Connecticut shore. The Narragansett's signal said to bear to the left. The Stonington answered with the same signal. The signals sounded as if there was a good distance east and west between the two boats. If there was such a distance, and if each vessel steered to the left, then they ought to have passed each other safely by. But in a moment more the lights of the two vessels shone through the fog, and they were going in the same course in opposite directions. The helm of the Narragansett was thrown sharp about, which brought her broadside to the Stonington. The Stonington plunged on and struck her on the starboard quarter, just in front of the wheel.

The shock was terrific. It shook the Stonington, which struck point on, in such a way as to throw all her sleeping passengers out of their berths. It ripped open a great hole in her bow, almost down to the water's edge. If the sea had been heavy she must have gone down. At the shock all the Narragansett's lights were instantly extinguished. Passengers found themselves locked in their staterooms.

IN ABSOLUTE DARKNESS.

The side of the boat was ripped open below the water's level, and she filled and sank immediately. A fire broke forth, and so fiercely that in an hour and a half at the furthest all parts of the vessel remaining above water were destroyed. Fortunately she sank in shallow water. She must have settled upon some bar, for the water rose only just high enough to submerge the saloon deck. The upper deck must have afforded a safe asylum had it not been for the fire.

There are various theories as to the origin of the fire. It seems reasonable to suppose that such a shock as the Narragansett got would have shaken the living coals from their furnace beds and scattered them far and wide. It is also true that when furnace beds become suddenly submerged the fire, inasmuch as the natural draft is suddenly shut off or reversed, is driven back out of the flues, as if whipped by a tempest. The tongues of flame leaped far out, and lay fierce hold of whatever inflammable material may be within their reach.

Many of the passengers on board the Narragansett waited neither for the sinking nor the fire. In sudden terror they leaped into the sea, and, becoming benumbed and exhausted, sank before the arrival of aid. It was in this manner, undoubtedly, the greater loss of life befell. Most of those who waited were saved.

Immediately upon the shock the majority of the passengers climbed upon the top deck. The boat sank, but it fortunately soon struck bottom, and they were still safe. The

THE FIRE BROKE FORTH.

It raged so fiercely to leeward that the boats on that side could not be lowered. But the boats to windward were successfully let into the water—all save one which was swamped with a considerable company. The life rafts were pushed overboard. They proved the salvation of scores. Two of them were on the boat. They are about twenty feet long and ten wide. They are so arranged that it does not matter which side comes uppermost when they are tossed into the sea. Each side is provided with sweeps, which are lashed on firmly, with benches, and with guards to break off the waves. The rafts are constructed of air-tight metal cans and platforms of wood. The passengers swarmed upon them when the fire burst forth in the Narragansett, but they bore up taut and lightly. Passengers lashed themselves in life jackets also, and, so protected, leaped into the water to avoid the fire.

Life preservers were out of reach and many persons who were fortunate enough to obtain them, found afterward that the fastenings were wanting.

The fire spread with fearful rapidity, and the scene on board is described by an eye-witness as what might happen if a conflagration broke out in a mad house. The screams of women, the cries of children and the howling of strong men were demoniacal. The

most intense confusion prevailed, the people being fairly frantic with terror. Some took positions in parts of the boat most remote from the fire, and shielded themselves from the heat with mattresses which they had soaked in water; but this expedient was but temporary, for the flames soon enveloped the entire upper works of the boat, and they were obliged to jump into the water to save themselves from burning to death. In less than five minutes after the collision the water was a living mass of shrieking humanity struggling for existence. The flames upon the burning steamer cast a lurid light over the agonizing scene and enabled those who could swim to make their way toward the Stonington, which had drifted a few hundred yards away.

The Stonington was much damaged about the bow, but there was no immediate danger of her sinking. There was, naturally, considerable excitement among her passengers, but her officers and crew

SHOWED GOOD DISCIPLINE.

Her boats were lowered, and for many hours were busy rescuing people from the water. The steamer City of New York, attracted by the light from the burning wreck, made for the scene of the disaster, and her crew rendered valuable assistance. The large majority of those who had been taken on board the Stonington were transferred to the City of New York and were brought to this city, arriving here shortly after 10 o'clock.

It is impossible to estimate the number lost, as the books of the captain were lost. Some place it at 100, and many estimate it at only half that number.

AN ACTOR'S ACCOUNT.

Clarence R. Leonard and his wife, Minnie Leonard, both lately connected with Miss Neilson's company, were taken from the water aboard the City of New York, and Leonard gives the following graphic description of the collision: "The moment the other ship struck us the lights went out and a scene of intense excitement followed. Some one struck a light, and women and children were hurrying about and screaming in the most abject terror. Some one called out, 'Get your life preservers,' and there was at once a rush for them. I got a couple, and tried to fasten one on to my wife, but there were no buckles or straps to it. They were practically useless. We rushed out with the crowd, and when we reached the stern the bow of the vessel was seen to be in flames, which rose high above the stack, and I expected every second that the boiler would explode. There seemed to be no officers or deck hands about to give orders, assist with the boats or anything. Hundreds were jumping in the water, and my wife, in a sudden frenzy, did the same. Then I followed, of course, and an officer, the only one we saw, pushed a raft to us and we got on. The flames burst out on the vessel within a foot of us, and we were both scorched. Five or six others got on the raft, and while we were floating about we poked up about a score of others. A great number went down to my certain knowledge. We drifted about on a raft for an hour and a half."

INCIDENTS.

While the excitement was at its height, two young men occupying the same stateroom, despairing of rescue, blew out their brains rather than submit to the chances of being saved from the flames. Women were huddled together just as they had left their berths paralyzed with fright, and it is supposed that many lives were lost which might have been saved had the frightened passengers only exercised a little presence of mind. Deeds of heroism were not rare. One old lady floated about in the water holding her grand-child aloft in the air, and beseeched the rescuers to pay no attention to her, but for God's sake to save the babe. She was old and worthless, and could afford to die, but the babe must be saved. One contemptible cur got upon a floating bale of merchandise and hypocritically prayed for his deliverance, while a woman and her child pleaded to him to save them.

THE HERO OF THE HOUR.

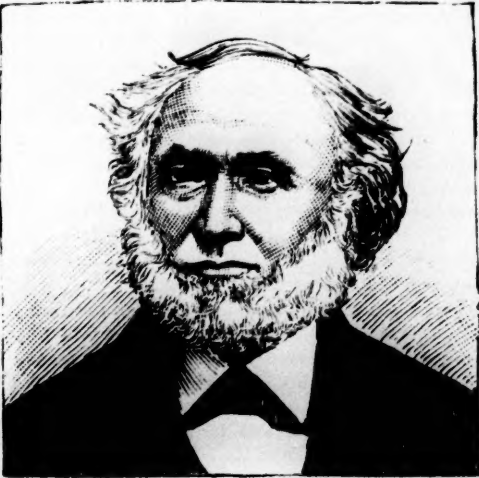
Nearly all the passengers praised in the highest terms the brave action of Henry Duroy, a seaman of the United States ship Tennessee, lying at Twenty-third street, North River. They all said that he saved at least forty persons. He had left his ship without leave for the purpose of visiting his mother, and when the accident occurred, at the risk of his own life, he boldly took command of about forty persons, who constituted him their champion, and by his exertion they were all saved. He was in great trouble at the hotel for fear he would be punished when he returned to the ship for leaving it without permission. The passengers and guests then said they would set to work to reward him for his bravery. A petition was then drawn up, signed by the passengers and guests, and addressed "To Capt. Harmony, Commander of the United States frigate Tennessee," in which the seaman's conduct was set forth, and a proper recognition of his services demanded.

It is known positively that eighty-three persons are missing from the Narragansett, and time will probably add more to the list.

UNREWARDED PLUCK.

A Young Woman Dons Male Attire and Goes in Search of a Deserter Husband—A Long Tramp With no Success.

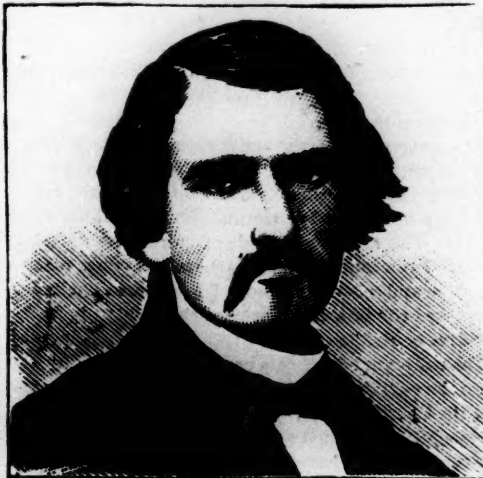
CHICAGO, Ill., June 14.—A young woman in male attire, giving the name of Maggie Kuhne, from Connelleville, Pa., gave herself up to the police last night, asking for protection and something to eat. Her story is that her husband left her seven weeks ago, and she was led to believe that he had gone to Leadville. Selling off all their effects, she secured a suit of boy's clothes and went to Leadville, but could not find her husband. After searching eight days and spending all her money, she was obliged to retrace her steps. She walked, stole rides on the trains and partly worked her way this far, and here expects assistance in reaching her home. Her story is very romantic.



GEORGE SEELY, COMMITTED SUICIDE AT LOCKPORT, N. Y.



MRS. MILLER, ARRESTED IN CHICAGO FOR HOTEL THIEVING.



EDWARD MILLER, HOTEL THIEF, ARRESTED IN CHICAGO.



PHIL CLARE, BURGLAR, ATTEMPTED TO BREAK JAIL AT ALBION, N. Y.

SNAP! BANG! WHISH!

A Cranky Couple Throw Firecrackers Into a Neighbor's House Out of Spite for Being Disturbed by a Party.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mary Delaney gave a hop at her house in Williamsburgh, N. Y., a few nights since. The young people of

ber of bills to delinquent debtors and sent them forth for collection. In most cases the dun was honored by immediate payment. Among those who failed to come to time was a lady who stands high in society and is acknowledged as one of the handsomest in her set. Plump, of good figure and graceful in her carriage, her appearance on the street always excited the admiration of the men and the envy of the women

who were not similarly blessed. It was always supposed by those who cared to give the matter a thought that nature was wholly responsible for her make-up in physique. But this notion was knocked in the head by subsequent developments in court. The tradeswoman waited long and anxiously for payment of her money, and her debtor failing to respond she resorted to law. A bill of items of course had to be

made out to substantiate her claim. Litigation could not be avoided, as it was evident that the lady of fashion did not intend to pay if she could get out of it. The bill of items was made out and suit begun. This bill was a unique affair, as it explained away many delusions, and proved that womankind—a part at least—are seldom what they seem.



A DRUNKEN PAINTER IN A FIT OF DELIRIUM JIM-JAMS ATTEMPTS THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE, AND COMPLETES THE TRAGEDY BY SETTING FIRE TO HIS HOME; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 10.

the neighborhood participated in the entertainment, which continued until 3 o'clock on the following morning. Among those present was Miss Mulligan, who takes lessons on the piano, and she favored the company with music. Mr. and Mrs. Kirk, who are neighbors, however, objected to the noise, and especially Miss Mulligan's playing, and they threw fire-crackers into the window with the intention of breaking up the party. Consternation ruled the roost for a few moments, the ladies jumping about the room like mad while the firecrackers were snapping about. Mr. and Mrs. Kirk were arrested and brought into court, and the justice charged them \$5 each for their sport.

SECRETS OF THE TOILET.

Sent Into This World Half Made Up—How the Milliners Make Up the Other Half—A Novel Suit, Which Destroyed Some Delusions and Exposed Some Shams.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An amusing incident recently took place in one of the Carson City, (Nev.) courts. A woman keeping a large ladies' fancy goods store has been in the habit of doing a credit business, and found upon examination of her books that she had a large sum of money outstanding. Being pressed for the needful, she made out a num-



A CRANKY COUPLE OBJECT TO ANY HILARITY IN A NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE, AND TRY TO QUIET IT BY THROWING A PACK OF FIRE-CRACKERS THROUGH THE WINDOW; WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.

Here is the bill:

1 pair of Palpitators.....	\$1 50
1 " False Calves.....	2 00
1 " Corsets.....	75
2 boxes of Rouge (pink and white).....	75
Crimps and Bangs.....	2 00
	\$7 00

The court before which this interesting suit was tried is famous for the justice of his decisions. He enters fully into the minutiae of every case and leaves nothing alone to get at bottom facts. It is supposed that this characteristic spirit of fairness prompted him to order that each of the above articles be exhibited in order to enable him to decide as to their value. Of course no other motive could have actuated him—certainly not. Judges are unlike their fellows in affairs that involve anything outside of the common run of life. Accordingly the articles were brought into court and the chivalrous lawyer for the plaintiff held them up for the learned judge to estimate their value. The fair defendant in the witness box hid her face in her hands as the secrets of her toilet were thus shamelessly exposed to the vulgar gaze of the unfeeling crowd. The judge wiped his spectacles and took a good look, and some of the capacious observers allowed that the interest he displayed was not wholly warranted to meet the ends of justice. But what did he care for criticism? He had his look out, and while doing so justice was born in his legal mind. They were worth every cent

claimed, for no pretty woman could dodge a debt which so assisted her charms. Judgment, with costs for the whole bill, was rendered, and the law was once more vindicated.

SHELDON THE HERMIT.

Come Forth From His Lair, and Wants to Marry a Girl in Her Teens—A Strange and Uneventful Life.

Austin Sheldon, who has occupied a rocky cave in the forests of Lehman township, Pike county, Pa. for more than thirty years, living without a companion of any kind, has become tired of leading a single life, and recently became enamored of a girl yet in her teens, who resides within a few miles of the hermit's abode. The hermit has frequently visited the girl's home, and the last time he was there he asked her parents to consent to their marriage. Of course they refused, and ordered the old hermit to make a hasty departure, and never trouble them again. Sheldon felt greatly injured, and has since been looking in other directions with a view to matrimony.

Sheldon's life had been a sad and checkered one. He was born in the village of Bradford, Conn., in 1806, and consequently is 74 years old. In his boyhood he learned the blacksmith's trade, and arriving at man's estate he mysteriously left home, came to Pike county, and purchased a few acres of wild, uncultivated, worthless land. Upon this land was a cave, in which, with a few alterations, the old hermit has since made his abode. Disappointment in love is said to have been the cause of his leaving his home. His parents were well-to-do farmers, and it was not until a paragraph appeared in one of the daily papers, a few years ago, that they knew of Austin's whereabouts. A brother and sister came here and visited their long-lost brother, and after staying with him in his cave over night, used every inducement to have him abandon his lonely and rocky habitation, and return with them to the home of his childhood, where he would be well cared for. He refused, stating that he preferred to die, as he had lived—a hermit. They left him some clothing and money and returned home. Sheldon has frequently received letters from his family since then, entreating him to abandon his wretched abode. A short time ago he partially complied to do so, but becoming acquainted with the young girl above referred to, he gave up the idea altogether. Sheldon's dress and appearance has of late years improved, although he is a wretched looking object yet.

His cave is only about 12x14 feet, with a slab roof. His furniture consists of four blocks of wood for chairs, a box used as a table, a fire-place over which he does his cooking, and an old rickety rocking chair in which he sleeps. He has about an acre of land cleared, on which he grows a little corn and garden truck. What he grows and what is given to him by his neighbors keeps him. He is as deaf as an adder has been so for years, and persons who visit him occasionally, out of curiosity, converse with him by writing upon a slate, which the old hermit keeps for that purpose. He is intelligent, and reads a great deal. The book he most loves is the bible, which he has read through many times, and most of which he has committed to memory. He has had many hair-bread escapes. A few years ago his cave was surrounded by the forest fires, and the old man came near being roasted alive. He once fell from the uppermost branches of a huge chestnut tree, breaking several ribs and otherwise crippling him, and he has been frequently found in his cave in a freezing condition. That he will eventually be found dead there is almost certain.

WILLIAM GOAT'S SUPPER.

By Way of Variety He Chews Up a Milk-Maid's Hair—A Perilous Fix.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Lizzie Biemderfer, a milk-maid on Elizabeth Stock Farm, Lancaster, Pa., was singularly unfortunate a few days since. She was milking a cow known to be vicious, when it kicked her on the forehead and knocked her senseless. The other milkers had gone, and the herdsman was busy elsewhere. However, when he entered the stable he found the young woman lying unconscious on the ground, and a billy

goat was standing in the corner trying to appear sick. When she "came to" she discovered, much to her annoyance, that "billy" had eaten her bonnet, and chewed off some five or six inches of her hair, which she wore in long plaits. Miss B. is not badly hurt, but the goat—well, he is now out on the commons chewing mullen stalks and other indigestibles.



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHT.

ADDIE ROGERS, BURLESQUE AND VARIETY ACTRESS.

PAROXYSMAL KISSING.

She Wanted a Drink, and Wanted to Pay For it in Kissing—Bulldozing a Bartender.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A few days ago a woman whose character is anything but first-class went out upon a spree in Pitts-

burg, Pa., and finally brought up in the bar-room of Frank Sawyer's place at Oakland, and becoming fascinated with the appearance of the barkeeper, insisted on kissing him. The barkeeper being a bashful young man, objected, but she persisted and finally in her endeavors she bit him on the cheek. This is taking leap year privileges with a vengeance; but the boys out that way want some more of the girls to come on—they don't want the same kind as the last one, however.

A WIFE'S TERRIBLE CRIME.

A Son Who was Too Free With the Women—Forced to Flee From Home—A Disagreement Between Father and Mother That Led to an Attempt at Murder.

Early on the morning of the 11th inst. a horrible tragedy was enacted at the residence of Andrew Jackson Blackwell, a wealthy and respected farmer, near Harbortown, twelve miles from the city of Trenton, N. J. For some time a difference has existed between Mr. Blackwell and his wife, in relation to a son who had gone west on account of trouble caused by his intimacy with several women in the village of Pennington. Mrs. Blackwell had been to the west on a visit to her son, and for some time had urged upon her husband to dispose of his farm and go west. This he refused to do, and this caused the difficulty between them.

The family retired as usual on Thursday night, and about midnight Mrs. Blackwell went into the room occupied by her husband and one of her sons. She remained for some time, and appeared to be nervous, but neither paid any attention to it. The son arose about 4:30 and went down to the kitchen. He had hardly reached that room when Mrs. Blackwell crept silently into the bedroom and cut a frightful gash in her husband's neck with a razor. He sprang out of bed and ran down stairs, followed by the wife, who made several attempts to inflict another wound. The wounded man and his son managed to wrest the weapon from her hands, and hardly had this been done before Mr. Blackwell fainted from loss of blood. The bedroom, stairs, and kitchen were covered with blood. Two physicians, Drs. E. L. Welling and Lanning, were summoned and found the victim almost lifeless, but on administering stimulants, he rallied slightly. The wound is four inches long, and all the minor blood-vessels are severed, and the carotid artery and jugular vein barely escaped a like injury. At a late hour last evening little hope was entertained of his recovery. Mrs. Blackwell was removed to the State Lunatic Asylum in the afternoon, and it is said she is insane. A sister was an inmate for several years of the same institution.

BLOOM'S BRUTALITY.

He "Saw her Through," and now he Sees Through Prison Bars—A Mother's Guilty Act.

Dr. Harris Bloom, of 219 South street, Philadelphia, has long been considered a suspicious character. On the 10th inst., the police of that city here that Lydia Durs, late of Little Rock, Ark., now residing at 801 Sansome street—was suffering from the effects of an operation performed on her with instruments that had produced abortion. Together with Magistrate McClintock, Lieutenant Brown visited her and found her seriously ill. A child of seven years, her daughter, was playing on the floor. The woman spoke reluctantly, and showed dread of publicity. She made an affidavit that on June 2nd she visited the office of Dr. Bloom, and told him of her condition. He promised to see her through for \$25. This she paid him. He at once operated upon her and gave her medicine. On the following day, feeling ill, she returned to him; but he quieted her fears by telling her that she was getting well, and must not be impatient. Her condition grew worse. Bloom called at her house several times, and was very cross toward her. On Wednesday she seemed hovering between life and death. Having got this information, Lieutenant Brown immediately sent Special Officers McGarrity and McLaughlin in quest of Dr. Bloom, whom they secured and brought to the station. Bloom was locked up. Bloom has an unenviable reputation, and it is said that other charges than this could be brought against him.



A BOOZY NYMPH DU PAVE, HARD-UP FOR A DRINK, OFFERS A KISS FOR ONE, AND FORCES THE BARTENDER TO ACCEPT A SMACK IN PAYMENT; PITTSBURG, PA.



A FESTIVE BILLY-GOAT, CLOYED ON TIN-CANS AND FENCE POSTS, TACKLES A MILK-MAID'S HAIR BY WAY OF VARIETY, AND HAS A REGULAR PICNIC; NEAR LANCASTER, PA.

A WAYWARD GIRL.

Going to the Bad and Enticing Her Sister on the Same Road.

A MERCHANT AND HIS FAVORITE.

Hunting Through Several States for a Child Concealed for Two Months Under the Same Roof as Her Parents.

TWO SUITS AND MANY CHARGES.

A suit is pending in the Supreme Court of Kings county, in which Richard W. Blakeman is plaintiff and Richard J. White defendant. These suits involve a story of a most remarkable nature, and the facts are to be herein set forth as stated on both sides.

Up to 1871 or 1872 Richard W. Blakeman was in the carriage business in Brooklyn. He had been fairly prosperous, and resided on the Hill. His family consisted of one son and two daughters. They moved in good society and were connected with a prominent Baptist church. In 1872, Mr. Blakeman found his business sinking into an unsatisfactory condition. It was necessary for him to reduce his expenditures, and, having lived in good style in Brooklyn, he preferred removing from the city when he had to assume a less pretentious way of living. He sold out his business and hired a French flat in New York. Thither he removed his family. At this time his eldest daughter, Annie, was in her sixteenth year, and her sister, Mabel, was eight years old. The father was about forty, and the mother was three or four years younger. Mrs. Blakeman was exceedingly attractive in her person and manners, and well connected in Brooklyn, her brother being a gentleman at one time very prominent in military circles in this city.

THE ELDER DAUGHTER'S CAREER.

The elder daughter, Annie, was sent at an early age to a celebrated seminary at Florida in this state, and the reduced circumstances of the family were not allowed to interfere with her education. The younger daughter, Mabel, was educated at New Brunswick, N. J. Annie graduated with great distinction and immediately received an appointment as teacher in the institution in which she had been trained and to which she had done such credit. Having spent some time there to the satisfaction of all concerned, she received an appointment as teacher in New York and resided with her parents.

Annie was an elegant, graceful and lovely brunette, vivacious and attractive, but fond of show and expensive dress and ornaments. Mabel was a blonde, and promised to grow up into a beautiful woman. The sisters were attached to one another, and Annie's return to the parental roof was very welcome to Mabel.

While Annie was fulfilling her duties as teacher in the institution, in New York, she became acquainted with a prominent merchant. He was a widower and resided in an elegantly appointed dwelling on West Twenty-fourth street. He was seventy years of age, but he was well preserved and, above all, wealthy. The venerable widower treated Annie with paternal affection and lavished presents upon her. She drove out with him, visited places of amusement in his company and was petted and spoiled by her aged admirer.

RUIN AND DISGRACE.

What might be expected followed, and Annie found herself in a condition calculated to bring disgrace on herself and family. It is alleged that under these circumstances the gentleman had recourse to unlawful measures, and that by a criminal operation Annie was relieved from the consequences of her own and her protector's transgression. At the end of two years Annie severed her relations with the gentleman, who behaved very handsomely. In the same house with her parents resided a bookkeeper in a wholesale house. He was married and had one son. This man and Annie formed an acquaintance which speedily ripened into something more. He resigned his position and went to Ohio. He procured for Annie the position of principal in the district school in the town in which he resided, and she resigned her employment in New York and went west. She was received into her friend's family as a boarder.

Before Annie's departure for Ohio, she prevailed on her sister, then fifteen years of age, to consent to quit her parents' care. The arrangements were made without a suspicion on the part of the parents. Secretly the young and beautiful girl was removed from home and for almost a whole year her whereabouts were successfully concealed from her sorrowing father and mother.

When her flight was discovered, her parents were frantic with grief. She was the idol of the family and the darling of her father. She was only a child, and the career of her sister indicated too well the dangers to which girls were liable, adrift in the world without parental counsel and protection. Search was made for the missing girl. The police in New York, Brooklyn and other cities were communicated with. Advertisements were inserted in newspapers. Detectives were employed. Every plan and device that ingenuity or affection could conceive was used in order to gain a clue to the missing child. The father devoted himself to the search. He wandered through this and other states, following what he fondly imagined were

clews, and exhausted strength, time and means in his endeavors to find the girl and restore her to home and

THOSE WHO LOVED HER.

and bewailed her absence. After traveling hundreds of miles on what he believed was a sure track, he found himself at fault and was obliged to return baffled. But he was not disheartened, for as soon as he could raise the means he started on a new trail, and thus for almost a whole year continued to pursue and fail and to return and pursue again. At length a clue was obtained and the girl was found in a western county in this State.

THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER'S CAREER.

When Annie induced Mabel to forsake home she brought her to Brooklyn. The two went to board at the Clinton House on Fulton street. There they remained for several weeks before Annie went to Ohio to undertake the duties of the position secured for her there by her friend, the bookkeeper. What they did here and who were their associates is not known. Suddenly both disappeared, the elder, as it turned out, going west, and the younger removing to a house in St. James place in this city. There Mabel remained for two or three weeks and again disappeared. In the meantime, and apparently very soon after Annie went to Ohio, her friend, the bookkeeper, removed back to New York with his family, and occupied the apartments in which they had previously resided, in the same house with the Blakeman family. A most extraordinary fact is here brought to view, probably without a parallel. When Mabel disappeared from St. James place in this city, she was removed secretly to the apartments of the bookkeeper. Here she resided for two months, unknown to her parents, who occupied the next floor.

ANOTHER CRIME SUSPECTED.

It was surmised that she was thus disposed of for no good purpose, and that the bookkeeper's wife submitted to the arrangement, and sanctioned whatever took place for the sake of protecting her husband. Mabel's father and mother visited the bookkeeper and his family daily during this period. The bereaved parents were in the habit of pouring out their sorrows to the very people who were the cause of them, and the lamentations of the father and the sobs of the mother were probably heard by the daughter, who occupied an adjacent room. At the end of two months Mabel was again removed. Her eldest sister was aware of her place of abode, and doubtless communicated with her. Annie returned for her sister a home in another county of the State, with a person who was formerly a Brooklyn policeman. She was seen on a Troy steamboat by a young man who recognized her, and after some time he told her parents of the fact. They discovered her whereabouts, and wrote to her entreating her to return. She returned no answer. They wrote to the person with whom she was residing, but he did not reply. Then a friend managed to see the girl. When she first quitted home she was a robust, lovely girl, the picture of health. When discovered, she was emaciated and sickly.

Her father began suit for her services on the ground that she was a minor. A counter suit was commenced by the gentleman with whom she lived for supplying her food, clothing and necessaries. The girls allege that they left home for a good and sufficient reason, as the presence of a gentleman there with whom they knew their mother to be on intimate terms, was offensive and unbearable.

Here this remarkable history closes for the present. Every fact has been faithfully recorded as furnished by the papers and those who know, and, when the trial comes on, there will be no need to disguise the parties' fictitious names.

SIX BY THREE.

A Woman Who Has Been Six Times Married, and Only Three Husbands. A Romance of Hoosierdom.

Forty years ago Mary Christy was one of the brightest and most winsome loaves to be found in the then small village of Greensburg, Ind. She met and loved, the lucky man being Archibald Hightower. After a few years of wedded bliss something came between them, and they were divorced. After a short time they settled their past differences, and were again married. In a few years Hightower was gathered to his fathers, and Mary became a sure enough widow. But she was yet young and handsome, and Abram Ricketts fell a victim to her charms, and they were married. Of their wedded life we have no definite information, but let us hope it was a happy one. After a time Mr. Ricketts succumbed to the Grim Destroyer, and Mary was for the third time a widow.

About this time Nathan Withers appeared upon the scene. He was a farmer, a man of magnificent physique, and a widower. He wooed and won, and Mrs. Ricketts became Mrs. Withers. After a few months of married life they separated and were divorced. Friends talked to them, and they were again married. After a short season of wedded bliss they parted, this time, they said, forever. Withers went to Virginia, and Mary again procured a divorce. This was over two years ago, but last week the familiar face of "Uncle Nath" was again seen on the streets, but the north end of the city caught him most, for here the gentle Mary had made her home, and on the 11th inst. the people were astounded when they learned that they were again married. They are both well-preserved old people with a great many years of life before them, and let us hope they will forget their youthful follies and live happy evermore. "Bless you, my children, bless you!"

The Secret Service Division of this city has been notified from Washington that a counterfeit one hundred dollar note on the National Bank of Baltimore, Maryland, has just appeared, bearing the same general characteristic as the counterfeit of the same denomination on the Pittsburg National Bank of Commerce. The workmanship in some respects is said to be superior to genuine. It would be well to refuse all hundreds of these banks.

BEWITCHED BY AN ACTRESS

"When I Have Bled Him Completely, You Can Have Him"—A Boudoir of Beauty That Will Prove a Charnel House—A Wife's Devotion and a Husband's Perfidy.

PHILADELPHIA, June 11.—It is astonishing what influence a bad woman will have on a man. We find that it was so in the past, for wise and just monarchs under the spell of some handsome "favorite" committed acts that brought down upon them the anger and resentment of the people. It was the Pompadour, La Valliere, Marmion and Dubarrys that led to the social upheaving in which Louis the XVI. lost his crown. It is just the same to-day. A woman of shameless manner and impure life will have over a man an influence that cannot be shaken—an influence which some angel of purity could never possess. This fact was brought to my mind by a circumstance that came recently within my experience. Living near me was a young couple who had everything likely to make life happy. The husband was not rich, but he was in receipt of a comfortable income that allowed them a fair proportion of the luxuries of life.

THE WIFE WAS A PRETTY WOMAN, thoroughly domestic in her tastes, as was, at one time prior to this history, the husband. For some time they lived very happily together, both seeming to take pleasure in their home and in each other's society. At length the husband began to absent himself from home at night. The wife, though much distressed at this, considered that male society presented stronger attractions than she could present, tried to win him back to his home, but without success. In addition to this he began to grow penurious in his allowance of money, and whether the poor wife began to suspect something wrong is not known, as, if she did so, she kept her suspicions to herself. Things went on in this unpleasant manner for several months, the husband absenting himself from home more and more and coming home at late hours in the night, until one day there came an explosion which was inevitable.

The wife was one day seated in a store on one of our thoroughfares when she saw her husband pass by in company with a girl that she knew intuitively was the cause of his desertion of her. The girl was young and the picture of healthful beauty. A blonde with a wealth of golden hair and a complexion that paint and powder could never give. She was dressed magnificently and her whole appearance was captivating. The wife saw and acted. Hastening from the store she overtook the pair and angrily confronted them.

THE GUILTY HUSBAND did not wait to hear her reproaches, but slipped away. The wife's business was with the girl, and she remained. With the calm dignity of a lady, but with all the impressiveness of an injured woman, she told the girl that she was that man's wife and demanded to know who she was and what she was doing with her husband.

The girl at first refused to reply, but upon being threatened with arrest she grew frightened and told the whole story of the husband's perfidy. She was a variety actress of the higher class, but, according to her own admission, this profession was only the means to another end. The husband had been acquainted with her for several months, and was in the habit of passing not only his evenings, but a greater part of the day in her society. The wife demanded her residence, which was given, and with the remark that she would see her again, left her.

Determined to know the entire truth the wife proceeded to the address given her. It was a respectable house, but she did not care, and entering told the proprietress her sad story. These women are not altogether bad, and pitying her despair, the landlady gave her all the information she desired. Taking her up-stairs she ushered her into a beautiful furnished chamber that was fitted up with exquisite taste, and at great expense. "That," said the landlady, "is her room and your husband furnished it, out and out, for her." Going to one of the closets she opened it, and taking out a magnificent blue silk wrapper held it up, saying: "He gave her that, too. He gave her two silk dresses." The poor wife said nothing, but kept silence to hear what further evidences

OF HER LORD'S INFIDELITY would be brought forth. The proprietress of the house told her that at Christmas her husband had presented his favorite with a splendid gold watch and chain, and that hardly a day passed but he sent a basket of flowers or fruit to the house. The wife had heard enough, and only waited until the girl would come in. When she arrived the wife again confronted her, told her what she had seen and what she intended to do.

"I don't want him," said the beautiful bad woman. "When I have bled him completely, and got all out of him I can get, you are welcome to him."

I repeat these words for the benefit of all married men, or for that matter single ones too, who turn their backs upon some good pure woman whose love is deep and unselfish, and place their faith in the purchased affection of a woman who sells her favors to whoever has the price to buy. Believe me, it will bring only sorrow and disgrace, and in the gaining of that love there will be but blighted sheaves.

There was a stormy scene when the husband and wife met. Still under the influence of the siren he braved it out, avowed his love for her, and counseled a divorce. He told his wife his inamorata was an innocent little girl, fresh from school, and she told him what the innocent little girl said about "bleeding" him, but even that had no effect in opening his eyes as to her true character. "Why," said the wife, "she is not even true to you, for in your absence she

receives other male company;" but to no effect. Ephraim was not more firmly wedded to his idols than was this infatuated man to the destroyer of his happiness. The end came. One morning, I saw the furniture wagons at the door, the wife was taking her goods and going home to her relatives; the other articles were being sent away to be sold, and this once happy home was

BROKEN UP FOREVER.

I met the husband some time after; his face showed that a pulmonary complaint from which he suffered was making rapid inroads upon his health, and I saw the impress of the hand of death. Then there came to me a conviction that at some time, not far distant, when broken in spirit and health, the erring husband would find that illicit love was like the apples of Sodom, and with tears of repentance he would seek out her whom he had wronged, and in whose arms he found peace and contentment, and under the shelter of her love pass away to the great beyond. I felt that he would go to her to die in her arms, and my knowledge of woman's love, and woman's forgiveness, leads me to believe that when he does so he will not be repulsed. There are "pleasures of sin," else Paul would not have spoken approvingly of Moses for having visited them, but I can have naught but pity for the man who casts aside the love of a virtuous woman to place his affections upon "her whose feet take hold on hell."

C. W.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

A Romantic Story From Madison, Indiana—Experience of the Young Buckeye Blood With a Madison, Indiana Belle.

MADISON, June 11.—There came to the City Beneath the Hills not long since a young gentleman hailing from the Queen City and engaged as a clerk in one of our leading main cross-street stores. The beauty of the Hoosier girls was so fascinating that the aforesaid youth, fresh from the land where Presidential candidates grow so plentifully—at once became a candidate for matrimonial honors. His young heart went out, as it were, day by day, until he became so deeply enamored that his misery was unbearable, and the cruel and unrelenting parental objection (he being of tender years) weighed so heavily upon his mind that he suddenly disappeared from our beautiful little city, whither no one knew.

Shortly thereafter, however, his fair dulcinea also left the home of her youth and her native city to follow in the wake of him to whom her young heart had already gone out, and for a short time nothing was heard of either. After a season there came occasionally a rumor to the city how they were enjoying themselves, that they had been made one flesh, and their happiness was supreme. But, alas, how soon could all this happiness and contentment find its cup of joy turned to sadness and sorrow. There arrived at North Vernon, Indiana, a few days ago, from the Great West, a couple bearing a very strong resemblance to the parties mentioned above in rather a forlorn condition, having, it is alleged, run short of funds in St. Louis, disposing of most of their valuables succeeded in reaching North Vernon. On their arrival there they concluded to foot it to this city rather than make further sacrifices, and accordingly set forth, arriving in due time, weary and foot sore, but apparently happy, in each other's love. But now it seems that the great sacrifices made for each other has somewhat cooled their ardor, and our informant alleges that a suit for divorce will soon be brought by the young man—he pleading the baby act—or that he was "oe'r young to marry yet." It appears they were actually married and traveled in several different States. Further developments are looked for soon.

SOLVED THE MYSTERY.

An Old Inhabitant Joins the Silent Majority With the Aid of a Rope.

[With Portrait.]

The eastern portion of the city of Lockport, N. Y., was thrown into a great excitement a few days ago, by the report that one of the oldest residents of that city had committed suicide. The unfortunate man's name was Seeley, and for a long time had resided with his nephew. For the past few weeks Mr. Seeley had been in a very dejected mood, and intimating to several of his friends a determination to "shuffle off this mortal coil." On Sunday morning the family went to church and left him at home. On their return, the children went upstairs to have a swing, and there discovered Mr. Seeley hanging by a rope to the door. The door was only six feet high, and in order to accomplish the end sought, Mr. Seeley was obliged to bend his knees, so that his feet would not touch the floor.

The body was cut down and placed upon the floor and efforts were made by Lancel Seeley, who thought life might not be extinct, to resuscitate him, but without avail. Life had been extinct, in all probability, two or three hours. Death resulted from strangulation.

STILL IN QUOD.

A Crook's Break for Liberty Broken by a Watchful Jailer.

[With Portrait.]

There is at present confined in the Albion (N. Y.) Jail a cracksmen by the name of Clare. He stands high in his profession as a daring thief, and one who will not stop at anything to accomplish his ends. Several of the large cities have witnessed his handiwork. He was captured some time ago and placed in the above-named jail to await trial. Last week he made an attempt to escape and came very near being successful. The watchfulness of the jailer, however, frustrated his plans.

A GAY HUSBAND.

He Wanders Off to the Land of the Hoosiers to See "a Girl" and His Wife Follows With a

41-CALIBER REVOLVER AND A TEMPER

And Puts a Quietus on His Plans for a Double Family.

RECONSTRUCTION WITH A VENGEANCE.

CINCINNATI, June 12.—Charles W. Eckert, son of the late wealthy tanner of the same name, who for years did a thriving business in Camp Washington, this city, told his wife and mother that he was going to the "races at St. Louis," and that he should probably start that night. In accordance, as night came on, Charlie was gone, not, however, to St. Louis, not even so far west as Sedamsville, or even to the Ohio and Mississippi Depot. He had gone to a hotel in Cincinnati, "simply." The horse-race was a ruse, and so Mrs. Eckert began to suspect as last Sunday was slowing dragging its weary time through. For months she had been suspicious of her husband's fidelity, and mother-in-law Eckert had imbibed not a little of her daughter-in-law's skepticism. Together they had labored with Charles W., endeavoring to persuade him that he ought to remain in Camp Washington and get acquainted with his family rather than to be roaming about after strange gods. Charles was of a different opinion, however, as the sequel will show.

For a long time the widow Eckert—Charlie's mother—had in her employ an industrious young Hoosier girl named Lizzie Pliner, a blonde, like the younger Mrs. Eckert, but lacking about two thousand miles of being as good-looking. Mrs. Charles W. Eckert has a very attractive face, and in form is petite. The domestic,

LIZZIE, IS RATHER TALL,

and quite angular. Angular as she is, however, she was attractive to the orphan Charles, and for this reason, no doubt, was one day informed that her services in the Eckert home in Camp Washington would be no longer required. Lizzie was resigned and returned to her Indiana home, which is with her parents on a farm located only three or four miles from Milan, Indiana, and about the same distance from Moore's Hill, two stations on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and not more than forty-one or two miles from this city. To this place Mrs. Eckert suspected that her truant husband had fled, and so on Monday morning last on the first train bound west she was a passenger. She went determined, and, that she might meet with no failure, armed herself with a large revolver, 41-caliber, and a photograph. Arriving at Milan, she applied at the Tanner House to know whether or not a man named Eckert had been there within a few days.

"Don't know any such man," replied the tavern-keeper.

"Ever seen him?" queried the indignant wife, as she shoved a photograph of Charles under the tavern-keeper's nose.

"Oh, yes, seen him often," was the reply; "was down here only a few days ago. He always goes out to the Pliner's, who live only a few miles from here; will show you the way there if you want me to; will get you a horse, buggy and driver and send you up."

Mrs. Eckert accepted the proffered courtesy, and in an hour or two was at the Pliner door. She inquired if Lizzie was at home, and was informed that only a few days previous Lizzie had gone to Cincinnati.

"Does Lizzie receive any callers?" inquired Mrs. Eckert.

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Pliner; "a young man named 'John Long' comes down from Cincinnati to see her."

"Does he look like that (showing the photograph)?" said the wife detective.

"Why, yes," was the reply; "that's his picture."

"Well," said Mrs. Eckert, "he is my husband; has been my husband for about eight years, and is

THE FATHER OF MY LITTLE GIRL,

aged seven. Your daughter has been betrayed," saying which Mrs. Eckert repeated herself in the buggy and drove rapidly back to Milan. Here she requested the landlord from whom she had obtained so much information to telegraph to her should "John Long" again make his appearance at Milan, as she was going to return to Cincinnati on the first train. Tuesday night the telegram arrived, and Wednesday morning found Mrs. Eckert again at Milan. Her husband was there the night before, and, it was thought, was then at Pliner's. The plucky little wife, now thoroughly aroused, was again in a buggy, and again en the way to Pliner's. The journey over was not half accomplished before the object of her search was discovered approaching, riding with Burt Pliner, a brother of Lizzie, a lad only fifteen or sixteen years old. As the buggies came alongside of each other the enraged wife levelled her revolver at her husband and fired twice, missing him both times, but hitting young Pliner in the fleshy part of his left arm, inflicting a wound. The horse after which Eckert was riding was then turned about as if to pursue Mrs. Eckert and her driver. "Drive fast," said the lady, "and reach the Pliners before they do. I want to see that girl Liz."

The two buggies were whirled up to the Pliner door-yard about the same time. Instantly Mrs. Eckert was in the house, revolver in hand,

searching for her husband's alleged paramour. She was quickly followed by her husband and young Pliner. Just as Burt Pliner entered, exclaiming "I'm shot," Mrs. Eckert's eye glancing along the barrel of her revolver aimed at Lizzie Pliner. She pulled the trigger, but the weapon missed fire, and before she could reload it, it was snatched from her hands, and she was in the midst of a fight. Her necklace was

TORN FROM HER NECK.

She was choked until black in the face, and bruised about the mouth until it was bleeding, and until she was glad to escape some her revenge. She hastened back to Milan, where, a little later, by the help of a man whom she had employed to shadow her husband, she learned that he and Lizzie had left Pliner's for Moore's Hill, intending from this station to catch the midnight train west. Because there were no passengers to get off, the train did not stop, and before the next train could arrive Mrs. Eckert had reached Moore's Hill. She immediately communicated with William Atkins, Marshal of the town, got out a warrant from Squire Lamberton, and twenty minutes later her husband and Lizzie Pliner at the Ohio and Mississippi Depot were under arrest, charged with adultery. By this time Mrs. Eckert, sen., Charles Eckert's mother, had arrived with Eckert's little girl, and she had arrived, too, only to second all the efforts her daughter-in-law was making to bring her son to an account.

The whole party returned to this city, and were met at the depot by Detectives Arnthauer and Kushman, who took the recalcitrant couple to the station house where they were registered as adultery and locked up. The case will soon come before the court.

IN THE WRONG BED.

What Befel a Sight Seeker—A Fair-Haired Woman to Blame—A Mistake Which Came Near Kicking Up a Divorce Racket.

Charles Sanders, a bibulous citizen of Troy, N. Y., started out a few nights since to see the elephant. He evidently saw it, but it came near costing him his life, as the following facts indicate: While strolling in the classic vicinity of Sixth street, Sanders says he was accosted by a fair-haired girl who induced him to accompany her home. He says he remembers no more until he found himself in trouble.

It appears that he was ejected from the house on Sixth street, where he had, and about 4:45 o'clock last Sunday morning he wandered into the yard of a residence on State street. After trying the door of the place, and finding them locked, he got a wash-tub which was in the yard and put it under a window. He then secured a small ladder and placed it on the tub, which enabled him to reach a window, through which he entered the house. The gentleman who resides there was away from home, and his wife was partially awakened by the noise, but thinking it was her husband went to sleep again. Sanders made his way through the house to the sleeping apartment and went to bed without even removing his muddy boots.

The husband arrived soon after and was amazed, enraged upon discovering the stranger. He drew a revolver, and was on the point of shooting him, when he realized Sanders' condition, and thought there must be a mistake somewhere. He at once pulled Sanders out of bed, and asked him how and why he came there, when he replied that he was invited there by a fair-haired woman.

When the wife was made acquainted with what had happened she became hysterical, and it required the efforts of several persons to prevent her from pulling the midnight marauder's hair out. A policeman was sent for and Officer Healy responded and took Sanders to station two. When he was first awakened he became ugly, and the gentleman had to hit him on the head with his pistol to quiet him.

James Murray, Middle-weight Champion.

(With Portrait.)

The subject of our sketch is James Murray, better known in prize-ring circles as Professor Jim Murray. He resides in Philadelphia where he is popular with all classes and has made a legion of friends. Murray is noted as a pugilist having figured in numerous encounters. Murray fought Billy McClean of Philadelphia (now the champion base-ball umpire), for \$1,000 The battle took place in a room in Philadelphia in August, 1874. The fight was a desperate one, and lasted nearly three hours during which forty-three rounds were fought. Both men were badly punished and it was anybody's fight. The police then came on the choice gathering of sports and broke up the "mill." McClean then retired from the ring, and Murray was brought on to New York to fight Prof. Wm. C. McClellan. It was a glove fight for a purse, and McClellan won after a sharp and decisive battle. Murray has never fought since, but is always ready to figure in a glove contest for \$2,000 and upwards. He was recently matched with Harry Hicken, but the match fell through. Murray keeps a sporting drum in the Quaker City, and is doing a thriving business.

Favorites of the Footlights.

(With Portrait.)

Miss Addie Rogers, of whom we give a portrait this week in our theatrical gallery, has been connected with the profession for some time, and by dint of hard work has won a good place and fair renown. Her methods are pleasing, and in her line, that of burlesque, she stands as one of the most promising for future laurels. She has been traveling during the past season, and has left hosts of friends wherever she has performed.

WORLDLY WEAKNESS.

A Couple of Kansas Brethren Exchange Pulpits and Wives With Exceeding Satisfaction—Involving a Scandal of the First Magnitude and Great Popular Indignation.

Woodson county, in the state of Kansas, has a sensation which just now divides the attention of the people with the presidential contest. The particulars of the affair are about as follows: Down in the eastern part of the county is a region known as Sandy. The locality boasts a flourishing church. Over at Humboldt, in Allen county, there is another church, belonging to the same denomination, whose surroundings, even to the pastor, are quite similar to that at Sandy. These two reverend gentlemen, through similarity of tastes and occupations had conceived quite a brotherly attachment to each other, which manifested itself on a number of occasions. A few weeks ago the idea of exchanging pulpits for a Sabbath was broached by one of them to the other. The suggestion was agreeable to the other, and in the

QUARTER OF THE MOMENT

one proposed to the other, that whilst each was enjoying the desk of the other, that it would be fit and agreeable to carry the exchange a little farther, and include their several wives in the temporary transfer. The proposition was eagerly snapped up by both sides, and when the longed for Sabbath arrived, both reverend gentlemen set out with agreeable anticipations, for each other's domiciles. Both congregations were delighted with the result of the experiment, so far as they were allowed to be a factor. But it is with the other part of the agreement that we have more particularly to deal, and upon which hangs the interest of this curious story. The knowing ones aver that at the Humboldt end of the line of operations the undertaking was crowned with complete success. But in "Sandy" the position of affairs were peculiar, if not threatening, indeed we might say without exaggeration they are threatening. It is now certain that the fourth party at "Sandy"

KICKED MOST VIGOROUSLY.

when the matter was broached to her, and the plan and agreement unfolded by the sanctimonious gentlemen from Humboldt. In fact, she kicked so vigorously that the reverend gentleman was expelled from the premises, and not satisfied with this demonstration she followed up the matter until the light of day was set full in upon the transaction. To sum up the result: the church at Humboldt is without a shepherd, and the church at Sandy is without a shepherd. The reverend gentleman at Humboldt incontinently "lit out" when the facts became patent. The congregation at Sandy looked the other brother over the walls of the church, and he now looms around among the children of Anak. The woman from Sandy is hunting round for a lawyer with blood in her eye, and the subsequent proceedings are not unlikely to prove interesting.

THE OTHER SIDE.

A Clandestine Meeting Which Led to a Fight, in Which a Senator was Horse-whipped, Furniture Smashed, and a High Old Time in General.

The Cooper side of the recent scandal in which Senator Ferry of Michigan was mixed up, was given in last week's GAZETTE. Senator Ferry has since been interviewed and places an entirely different face on the matter: He claims that the whole story of his criminal intimacy with Mrs. Cooper is without the slightest foundation, and was gotten up to injure his chances for the nomination for vice president at Chicago. Mrs. Cooper is the daughter of a former Milwaukee banker, who at his decease left her \$800,000. During the war she was disappointed in a love affair. She loved a young Dr. Weller, of Milwaukee. Her parents objected to the match and carried their daughter off to New York. There she met Sidney Cooper, who was then a captain in the army. A match was hurriedly made up, and the daughter married to Mr. Cooper, who shortly afterward resigned, content to live upon his wife's income. This hasty marriage did not prove to be a very happy one. Captain Cooper was too social in his habits, and when under the influence of the cup that cheers was inclined to be vaporous and silly. Last year the family spent their time in Europe, and in the fall they returned to Washington, where they passed the season. Miss Cooper is represented as a very romantic, headstrong, heedless girl, unrestrained and misguided as one would naturally be by not over-reined, ill assorted parents. From the beginning of the winter to its close Senator Ferry has been

MADLY DEVOTED TO MRS. COOPER.

Her husband was an applicant for a consulate at Naples, and Senator Ferry worked hard to secure the place for him. The Senator's visits were frequent, and the friendship between the lady of the house and himself was carried on regardless of consequences. The culmination of this intimacy finally came about through the daughter having a lover in the house who was distasteful to the mother. The object of the daughter's affection and mother's dislike was a son of Col. Fields, doorkeeper of the house of representatives. He loved Miss Cooper, and she reciprocated. The mother forbade him to come into her house, but the two corresponded and occasionally met, as opportunity presented in the parlors of the hotel. Senator Ferry saw them together one evening and reported the fact to Mrs. Cooper. The daughter was immediately summoned to her parents' room. Here the mother upbraided her daughter for her disobedience. The daughter asked for the authority of

this charge. The mother replied Senator Ferry. Then it was that the daughter retaliated upon her mother. She said Senator Ferry was a nice man to be coming with tales about her, and in a shocking way began to describe some of Senator Ferry's affectionate gymnastics with her mother. She did not say enough to set Captain Cooper upon the rampage, as he was already in his usually excited condition. There ensued a domestic quarrel, in which Mrs. Cooper was charged with infidelity. She sharply retorted, and, according to National-hotel gossip, was struck. A general fight ensued, during which books were thrown and the furniture generally pretty badly disarranged. It appears that the daughter ended by revenging herself upon Senator Ferry for his interference. She caught up a whip and shouted to her father that she was going to publicly disgrace him for his conduct. Mr. Cooper followed her with a cane. He was especially bitter, for the Naples consulate fight had gone against him. This had been one of the points in the domestic fight. Cooper said that he could have secured the consulate if his wife had not been so much in love with Ferry that she would not leave the country. At any rate the daughter and father burst into Ferry's room without

A WORD OF WARNING.

The daughter with some incoherent remarks, began plying the whip about Ferry's face and shoulders. He seized her by both wrists to prevent her striking, and as he held her Cooper knocked Ferry down with a cane and struck him once or twice after he was down, but not leaving any serious marks. Then the two swept out, leaving Senator Ferry in a heap under the table. The daughter, very much excited, ran up and down the hall, relating what she had been doing, and displayed, as she did so, the black and blue marks upon her wrists. The lateness of the hour prevented the scene from being very generally known. It is one of the most peculiar of the many congressional scandals of the season.

Senator Ferry says that the story is utterly without foundation. Said he, "He is a man given to drink, and may have said something in his cups for which he is hardly responsible." Then pausing for a moment, he resumed: "But I will say nothing against those people. My character needs no vindication at my own hands. I have been in public life for many years, and my reputation has never suffered before, and shall not now. I intend to live it down like a man. The people of the hotel, who know me well, will bear me witness that I am incapable of an act such as this is alleged to have been. My relations with the Coopers have been somewhat intimate, but perfectly honest."

AH, HA! COLD POISON.

Oh! Oh!—The Stomach Ache—Infelicity, Tragedy, Physicians and Memores.

EARL, Pa., June 10.—A too liberal dose of poison has spoiled what promised to be a first-class session in the eastern part of the city. The parties live on East Sixth street, and consist of a married, but not mated couple, and a very passable "lago" in the background. Though the wives of this latter, the pair were made to believe each other guilty of a yamson and reckless disregard of the Seventh Commandment. The plot embraced a handkerchief found a "Ohallo," but the denouement was a trifling departure from Shakespeare's wind-up of that play. Both husband and wife agreed to take poison, and each to administer the fatal draught to the other, and on this occasion the pair were so liberal to one another that the doses merely produced violent vomiting and doubled the stupid twain up like jackknives. The cramps caused them to yell and howl for Jamaica ginger and life. They were bailed out by a physician, and are now not much the worse for their folly.

SHE TURNS UP

And Makes Things Uncomfortable For a Deceiver.

MADISON, Ind., June 15, Miss Belle Hall, who suddenly disappeared from Soluda Township, this county, some time ago, mention of which was made in the GAZETTE, has turned up. She brings suit in the Jefferson County Circuit Court against Edmund B. Taulbert, of Soluda Township, for breach of promise and seduction. She alleges he went with her for over two years, and she finally consented to his wishes and was seduced, expecting him to fulfill his promise of marriage. She is an orphan, the adopted daughter of Taylor Swan. She is a beautiful and accomplished girl, and has the sympathy of the community. Taulbert's effects, personal and bank account of \$1,000, have been attached. He has given bond for appearance at court in September term. Messrs. Friedley and Watson, of this city, prosecute the case.

SHOOTING A TRAMP.

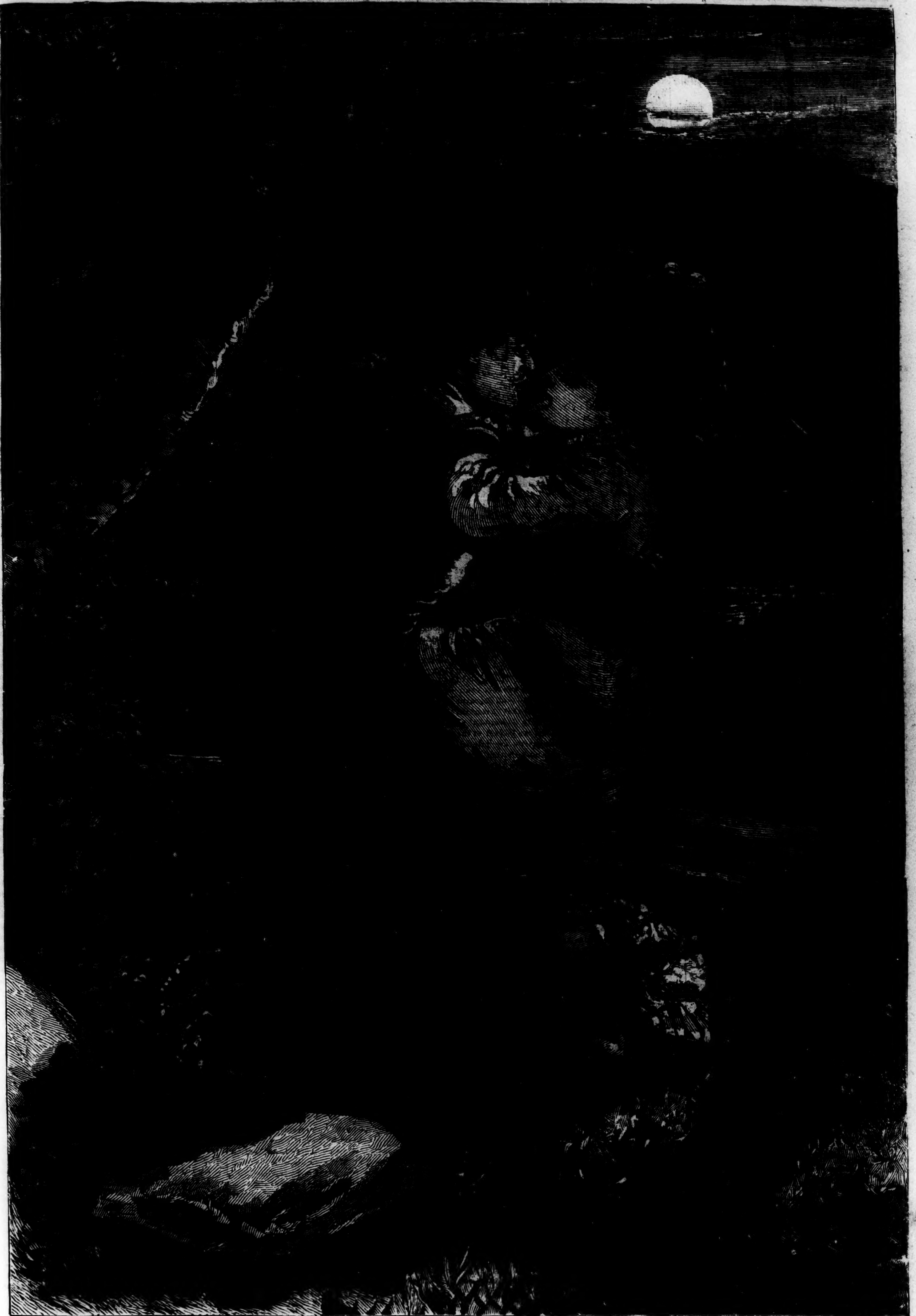
Attempted Effort to Capture a Train by Pennsylvanian Desperados.

READING, Pa., June 16.—A gang of tramps attempted to seize a train on the Lebanon Valley Railroad to-day, and a number of special police, who were secreted on the train, arrested two of their number. The prisoners are young men, giving their names as Jacob Heller and John Stover. They belong to a gang in camp in the mountains, supposed to be train thieves operating in this section of the country. One of the prisoners, Stover, made a break from the officers, but he was shot down, recaptured, and brought to the jail here, where the ball was extracted from his head. A complaint has been made against the officer by the companions of the wounded tramp in jail. The officers are on the track of others of the gang and are determined to capture them if possible and break the gang up.



AQUATIC SPORTS ON THE HARLEM RIVER.

NOONTIDE PHOTOGRAPHS OF LIFE IN GOTHAM—NEW YORK'S FAIR SONS AND GAY DAUGHTERS AT THE OARS—EXERCISE THAT IS SEASONED WITH LOVE, KISSES AND "TAFFY"—AN AFTERNOON'S ROW THAT LED TO UNPLEASANT RESULTS—A SMACK IN THE JAW THAT WAS VERY ENLIVENING.—[SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY GAZETTE'S SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 15.]



THE COMING DEFENDERS OF THE UNION ON NIGHT DUTY AT WEST POINT.
ONE BRANCH OF SERVICE IN WHICH THE GALLANT CADETS ARE LETTER PERFECT, AND FOR WHICH STUDY, DISCIPLINE AND PRACTICE ARE UN-
NECESSARY—A SCENE NEAR "FLIRTATION WALK" DURING THE RECENT EXAMINATION:—[SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY A GAZETTE ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 2.]

GORY GIMPEL.

**Maddened Because His Wife Would
Not Furnish Him
Money, he**

ATTEMPTS TO BUTCHER HER

**And Goes Further in His Devilry
By Cutting His Own Throat
and Firing the House.**

A BLOOD-CURDLING SPECTACLE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the most atrocious crimes that has been committed in years occurred in this city on the morning of the 10th inst., about 8 o'clock. John Gimpel, a boarding house keeper at 19 Delancey street, attempted to murder his wife, then set fire to the house and finally committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. The house in which the tragedy took place is a three-story and basement dwelling at the above address. The place was well patronized and could always boast of a well-filled house. Gimpel was a painter by trade, but of late years had abandoned this occupation to lead a life of idleness. The wife managed the boarding house and kept charge of the receipts, which proceeding angered her husband and was an ever-ending subject of strife between the pair. They were married about fifteen years, but no children were born to them. During the last few years they have always lived at variance. The husband systematically abused her, but confined his anger to words, and never before the present occurrence did he attempt any violence. Of late so bitter was their enmity toward each other that they seldom spoke, and occupied different apartments in the house.

GIMPEL'S TERRIBLE CRIME.

About 7 o'clock Gimpel arose as usual and descending to the dining-room ate his breakfast. He made some remarks about the weather, and hastily rising went to his apartment again up stairs, leaving the other boarders at the table. In a few minutes the others left, and presently Mrs. Gimpel, an invalid boarder named William Valke and the servant, Margaret Clarke, were left alone in the house. The weekly washing had been done the day before, and Mrs. Gimpel then said to the girl Margaret: "I guess I'll go up stairs and hang out some of the clothes." With that she left the room and went up stairs to the second floor, where the clothes had been placed preparatory to being hung out to dry. This was the floor that the husband lived on and where the unfortunate wife received injuries that will probably end her existence. Nothing is known of how the meeting between the two came about, for one of the parties is dead and little hope is entertained of the other's recovery. It was about fifteen minutes after Mrs. Gimpel's departure from the room that the servant became uneasy and said to Mr. Valke: "I'll go up stairs and see what's keeping Mrs. Gimpel." She had not proceeded further than the first flight of stairs when she heard a low moaning sound, like someone in distress, and being of a timid nature hesitated about going farther. She returned to the basement and told the bolder what she had heard, but he assured her there could be nothing in the house to cause the noise, and the sound must have come from an adjoining house, which had borne a reputation of being disorderly. Mr. Valke, however, ascended with the girl to where the sounds came from and was greeted with

A FRIGHTFUL SPECTACLE.

On the second flight of stairs midway lay the form of Mrs. Gimpel, apparently lifeless. Her arms were stretched out as if to grasp at something, while blood covered her head, waist and arms so completely that no feature could be recognized. In this helpless condition she lay, with no sign of life from her, while the affrighted spectators fled in confusion from the house, yelling "Murder!" In the meantime Policeman Eiterich, of the Eldridge street police, was patrolling his post on the opposite side of the way when he noticed smoke issuing from the second-story window of the house. Rushing across, he endeavored to gain an entrance through the front door, but found it secured. He then went to the basement and was there met by the two startled people, who hastily informed him of what they had seen. The officer ran up stairs and, securing the form of Mrs. Gimpel in his arms, started out of the house across the street to the bakery, where he left her and returned to the dwelling. Reaching the second floor, he found that the doors had been fastened on the inside and barricaded firmly, so that it was impossible to force an entrance. Returning to the street, he sounded an alarm of fire from the alarm box. In a short space of time the call was quickly responded to and firemen soon forced an entrance into the house. The fire had gained considerable headway, and the whole floor was in flames. In a few minutes, however,

THE FIRE WAS UNDER CONTROL.

A search was then made of the apartments, and Gimpel was found stretched on a bed in his sleeping room with his head nearly severed from the body, while in his right hand was tightly clutched a razor. The bed was drawn up against the door, while all the other doors were barred with either tables or chairs, and in such a secure manner that they had to be forced open. The deceased, it was evident, had attacked his wife, hacking her with the razor which somewhat later ended his own career, and then thrown her from

the rooms into the hallway. Before killing himself he deliberately set fire to the house, and entering his room, cut his throat from ear to ear and fell headlong on the bed, in which position he was found by the firemen.

The body of the suicide was taken from the house and conveyed to the station house in Eldridge street. An ambulance was telegraphed for to Bellevue Hospital, to convey the injured woman to the institution, but upon its arrival the patient had recovered consciousness and refused to enter the wagon. Arguments were used and efforts made to induce her to go, but all to no purpose. Even threats had no effect, and they were compelled to allow her to remain where she was. She seemed to have a horror of entering a hospital, and pleaded to be taken to her own home. This was conceded, and placing her on a litter she was carried to the basement of her residence, where she now remains under treatment. Little hopes are entertained of her recovery. The wounds are confined principally to her head, and from the appearance presented look as though the razor was drawn across the scalp fully a half-dozen times.

A FAMOUS CRIMINAL.

**A Noted Counterfeiter Captured—The
Long-Looked-For Harrison in Jail—
He Surrenders His Plates.**

TORONTO, Ont., June 15.—A few days ago a man giving the name of Robert Anderson was arrested at the village of Unionville on a charge of passing counterfeit bills. He was committed for trial by a justice of the peace there and brought to Toronto gaol. On Saturday the latter wrote a note to the Ontario government detective, Murray, asking him to call at the gaol. As soon as Murray saw the man he said: "Your name is not Anderson. You are Harrison, the noted counterfeiter of the United States and Canada, and I have been after you for five years." The prisoners at first denied the statement, but afterward acknowledged the truth of it, and Detective Murray then told him what plates he had in his possession, and urged him to make known their whereabouts. He further told him he was getting to be an old man, and that he would have no further use for them. Harrison asked until yesterday morning to make up his mind. On the detective again visiting him he told him that he would lead to where the plates were hidden.

In company with Detective Hodgins the two drove to a bush, about five miles northwest from this city, and there found, in a box buried in the ground at the foot of a tree, seven plates, viz: A ten dollar plate on the Ontario bank; a five dollar plate on the Canadian Bank of Commerce; four dollar plate on the Dominion bank; one and two dollar plates on the Dominion of Canada notes, and two five dollar plates on the United States legal tender. There is a standing reward of \$5,000 by the United States government for the capture of the last two mentioned plates. The whole of them are valued at \$15,000. Harrison has been counterfeiting for the past thirty years. He is an engraver and his work was so well executed that American notes passed through the treasury department at Washington unnoticed. The same can be said of the banks on which Canadian counterfeiters are printed. This is considered the biggest counterfeiting arrest that has been made on the continent for a number of years. Canada has been regularly visited by American detectives in search of the men.

ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE.

**The Assassin of Ben Porter Brought Face
to Face With Justice—A Desperate Fight
to Clear Him.**

The second act in a celebrated Texas tragedy began the past week in the court room in Marshall, when the case of the people against James Currie for the murder of B. C. Porter, an actor, was called. It will be remembered that this murder occurred in a lunch room of the railway station at Marshall, where the "Ward-Barrimore Diplomacy Company" were waiting for a train. Mr. Porter, the murdered man, Mr. Barrymore and Miss Ellen Cummins, the leading actress of the troupe, were seated at the lunch counter, when Currie came in in a drunken condition and began using indecent and offensive language, evidently meant for Miss Cummins to hear. The actors remonstrated, when Currie shot at them, Porter dying soon after from the effects of a wound he received, but Barrymore recovered. The nervous shock was too much for Miss Cummins and she was prostrated, and she has not yet regained perfect health. Barrymore and the bar-tender of the place where the tragedy occurred are the witnesses for the prosecution, while the defendant has witnesses who will testify that Porter let a pistol drop before he fell, and that Barrymore acted as though he were about to draw a pistol. A jury was obtained and considerable interesting testimony for the prosecution submitted. The defense feel certain of securing an acquittal, and to this end have secured a large array of legal talent to carry on the case for Currie. How his acquittal can be secured in the face of the positive testimony of the premeditatedness of the murder seems a mystery which further developments in the trial may explain.

Just To Be Funny.

Robert Whittaker, a young man living near Bronson, O., is of a very jealous disposition. A few days since he was out with a party of friends, ladies and gentlemen. One of the young ladies informed him that she liked his brother better than she did him. Whittaker concluded to act a little tragedy—"just to be funny," he said—and show her that her preference was going to him. He put the muzzle of a small pistol to his head and fired. The ball plowed its way around his scalp, inflicting a serious though not dangerous wound. The ranks of the fools will not be lessened by his demise.

POOR JEN ALLEN.

**A Checkered Life—Tempest-Tossed From
Childhood—From High to Low—Very
Low—An Ignominious End.**

A few days ago a well-known prostitute known as Jennie Allen died at a house in a neighborhood known as "The Trap," at South Auburn, Mass. She had been ill for two weeks from the effect of an abortion alleged to have been performed upon her by a negro named Ruby, for a long time her paramour.

Believing that it is for the good of mankind that such devilry should be exposed, thereby suppressing much of it, we have spared no pains and expense to look into the affair and give our readers the facts of the whole business.

Six years ago there lived in the little village of Detroit, Maine, a plump and beautiful country girl by the name of Jennie Allen. She was as innocent as the birds that built nests about her father's house, and which she often fed with the crumbs from the table.

She lived happily here until parting from an only sister, to whom she was fondly attached, who had secured a situation in the city of Bangor.

JENNIE ALLEN

received letters regularly from her absent sister, and supposed everything was well with her until one day a dispatch came stating that she was lying dangerously ill at a certain boarding house in Bangor and that her services were needed at once. Jennie hastily packed a valise with a few necessary articles of wearing apparel and departed for Bangor. On her arrival she with a little aid found her suffering sister. She at once commenced to nurse her, and after staying at the so-called boarding house a number of days had the satisfaction of seeing her sister get almost well. Then her trials commenced in earnest, for she was greatly harassed by the gentlemen boarders of the house, who, by pleadings, threats or offers of money attempted to have improper relations with her. She scornfully refused them all, and complained to the "boarding mistress" of them. But she laughingly replied: "Don't you know that you are stopping at the notorious 'Sky Blue,' where such things are customary?"

The innocent and beautiful Jennie determined to at once leave the place, and take her sister also if possible, for she learned that the latter was an inmate of the house, and that the reason of her sickness was because an abortion had been performed on her. Jennie's sister promised to leave as soon as she was well enough.

Meanwhile Jennie, as ill-luck would have it, fell in love with a "nice young man" of the city. She was struck by the king of all diseases, love. The result was that the "nice" chap so bulldozed her that, under promise of marriage, he ruined her. Of course when the promised time came around for him to marry her, he was missing, and poor Jennie hid her face in shame. What did she then do? Did what thousands of girls placed in similar positions have done—

WENT TO THE BAD!

Jennie Allen stopped at the noted house of ill-fame, the "Sky Blue," for some time, then went to Lewiston.

For about three years Jennie Allen lived a fast life in the city of Lewiston. Being a good-looking girl she had many men of money paying attention to her. She hired rooms on Lisbon street, and there received gentlemen callers. Deacons, overseers in the mills and fast young men all called upon her. But her day began to wane, and she went from bad to worse. At last she went to live in Auburn with a rather rapid sporting man of that city. Jennie lived with this man for some time, but at last had a fight with him and left. She then fell in with the mulatto, a rather good looking, tall and angular man, known by the

NAME OF RUBY.

With this man she lived about two years as his mistress. They got along well together until she got into a family way, and an abortion was performed. This was the means of killing her. On her death bed she accused Ruby of performing the abortion. At Ruby's trial he pleaded guilty to fornication, but denied the abortion business. He was fined \$30 and costs, and sent to jail to await further investigation, although probably nothing can be found against him on the charge of abortion.

ONE MORE DEFAULTER.

**Treasurer Lafayette Clapp of Easthampton,
Steps Out with \$2,000 of the
Town's Money.**

Lafayette Clapp, one of the most respected citizens of Easthampton, Mass., and for twelve years its treasurer, has disappeared, and an imperfect examination of his books shows that his accounts with the town are short \$2,000. His bondsmen were the late E. H. Sawyer and D. S. Jopson. As the Sawyer estate demanded a release, Mr. Clapp promised to get another bondsman, but before he did so the selectmen insisted on auditing his accounts. This he refused to let them do. The afternoon after he had gone, they took charge of the books, and a letter was received from him saying that the reason for his non-compliance was that his accounts were short. The town is greatly wrought up over this new revelation of a man who was supposed to be good gone wrong. Mr. Clapp is fifty-six years old, a native of the town, a graduate of Williston Seminary, a leading church member and master of a Masonic lodge, and has for many years been prominent in town affairs. He was for several years a selectman, went to the Legislature in 1859, and twice again in 1876 and 1877. He was one of the first members of the republican party in Easthampton, and going to the war in the 27th regiment, was under the military administration as

assistant postmaster at Charleston, S. C. After the war he went into the insurance business, and was for several years Assistant United States Assessor. He is now a United States gauger. In the fall of 1877 Mr. Clapp was put up for the Legislature by the democrats and defeated, and in the spring of the same year his son, Lafayette Clapp, Jr., beat him for the town clerkship. He has no property. He left town several days ago, and his whereabouts are unknown.

DESMOND'S TWO WIVES.

**A Gay Coachman Who Told Tales in His
Sleep—What His Wakeful Partner
Heard—A Denouement to a Romance
That an Accidental Meeting Brought
About.**

In the Jefferson Market Court, on the 11th inst., sat a comely-looking young woman who betrayed no little emotion when called on to charge a prisoner with a crime committed on her account. Although he had broken from other ties to become united to her, and had evinced a profound affection for her, the girl's sense of duty had led her to forget all about the deception he practiced and give him up to justice. Her name was Ellen Croak, and about a year ago she lived as a domestic with a family residing on West Tenth street. There was a physician next door who had in his employ a coachman named John Desmond. The man was a native of Ireland, about thirty years of age, and an active, good-natured fellow, who became suddenly smitten with the attractions of his neighbor. The pair met at times, and soon Desmond, professing the warmest attachment for the girl, asked her to be his wife. She had no means of learning what his antecedents were, but she required of him a solemn assurance that there was nothing in his past life that could impede their union. They were married then in St. Joseph's Church, and after giving up service they went to live at 110 Sixth avenue. Desmond seemed a devoted husband, but in spite of that a new and oppressive doubt had sprung up in his wife's mind. In his sleep he was restless, seemed troubled by some haunting fear, and would awaken in a fright, all of which made the woman fancy his conscience was tormenting him for some crime—perhaps murder, perhaps the

ABANDONING OF A WIFE OR CHILD.

This suspicion caused her to question him again, and when he went away to assume a stewardship in a club-house at Middletown, Conn., the recollection of words he had uttered in his sleep still remained fresh in her memory and sorely annoyed her. Mrs. Desmond had agreed on parting with her husband to take service again until his return in the fall, and with that purpose she went a few days ago to an intelligence office to solicit employment. There was another woman at the desk as she approached—a woman whom the clerk addressed as Mrs. Desmond and bade to take a seat. At the mention of the name Ellen started, and the old suspicion awakened in her brain and tortured her. In a moment she made up her mind to question this accidental namesake of hers, and when she took her seat with the other applicants she accosted the woman. The name was familiar to her, she said; she had a cousin who bore it, who was somewhere in the country, and the described her own husband. The stranger became interested at once. She told how, five years ago, she had been married to a certain John Desmond, to whom she had borne two children. She had lived happily with him for several years, but suddenly he went away, leaving her to look after the little ones, and she had never seen him more. Further queries shortly put by the now intensely interested questioner proved beyond doubt that both women were the victims of

ONE MAN'S DECEPTION.

Ellen determined at once to have justice done. She turned to the stranger, told who she was, and hurried off to the Jefferson market police court, where both made affidavits on which a warrant was granted for John Desmond's arrest. He was in another state, however, and so beyond its reach, but the deceived woman did not hesitate. She wrote a letter telling him she was going to New Jersey and desired his presence. This decoyed him to New York, where Officer Kelley, armed with the court's authority, waited his coming at the railroad depot. He replied, telling her he was prospering, could secure a good home for her in Middletown, and would come on to take her there. He made his appearance at the house in Sixth avenue. Ellen slipped off to court, found it closed, but appealed to a policeman on post, whom she told about the warrant. He went with her, arrested Desmond and took him before Justice Kilbreth. The man was taken by surprise and made no pretense of concealment. He could not live with the first wife, he said, but had sincerely loved the second and to that affection had sacrificed himself. He was committed for trial in \$1,000 bail.

CHERATED THE GALLOWES.

**A Man Who Murdered His Brother For
Seducing His Sweetheart Escapes
Hanging By Suicide.**

C. Robert De Courcier, who was to have been hanged in the city of Toronto on the 16th inst., for the murder of his brother, committed suicide on the morning of the 15th, while the guards were being changed. He raised a glass of water to his lips and fell back dead. All the symptoms indicated that the vessel contained prussic acid. The suicide is the result of a refusal of the Minister of Justice to commute the death sentence on the second application. Public feeling is satisfied that he escaped the gallows. There is no clew as to whence the poison came.

The murdered man, it is alleged, seduced the murderer's sweetheart, and this led to the commission of the crime for which he was sentenced to death. Bishop Sweetman and Archbishop Lynch interested themselves to secure a commutation of the death sentence, but without avail.

CANDIDATES

Whose Records Will Entitle
Them to Serve the State
in Various Useful
Capacities.

A YOUNG MAN'S HOPES BLASTED.

A Mother Who Started Forth, Ax
in Hand, to Decrease the
Population.

LOOKED INTO THE MUZZLE OF A GUN

A Tramp Convention Which Was Broken
Up By the Aid of Powder
and Lead.

THE END OF QUIRK, THE SHOEMAKER

An Evening of Courting Turned
to One of Bloodshed.

SWORE AWAY HER FATHER'S REPUTATION

COLORS CUTTING.

Mary Dean, a young colored woman, living in a tenement house on West Twenty-sixth street, who had deserted her husband, was brutally murdered on the 13th by a paramour, Augustus Lytton, who cut her throat from ear to ear.

FROM GAY TO GRAVE.

A runaway wife, who was traveling with her paramour, was overtaken at Harvard, Neb., by her husband, who drew a revolver and fired, but the wife struck the weapon aside. The male eloper was arrested, and a few hours later the wife attempted suicide by drinking a vial of cyanide, from the effects of which she was soon relieved by a doctor.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

A curious marriage took place at Pike township, Ohio, recently. The contracting parties were Mrs. Margaret Bush and Henry Barnard. Ten years ago they were divorced from each other. In the meantime both had married, lost their mates, and coming together made up the old quarrel, renewed their love and got apliced, it is to be hoped for the last time.

SAVED BY A BARREL OF BEER.

John Sampson was a horse-thief. After a long and successful career, he was captured and lodged in jail at Saranac, Ark. A number of the people who had suffered by his peculations, determined to take him from the jail and hang him. They broke in and brought John out. On their way to the place of execution he offered to put up a barrel of beer if they would release him. They agreed, and all hands got roaring drunk.

GOT TOO HOT FOR HIM.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., June 9.—Albert Clark, a farm hand, sometime ago married a daughter of Mrs. Moore, a widow living near Wesley, in this county. Lately it became known that a sister of Clark's wife had been seduced by him. A few days afterward it was ascertained that he had accomplished the ruin of a second sister-in-law. Intense indignation was aroused against him, and so many threats of punishment that he has left for parts unknown.

THE LITTLE GUN.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Ind., June 13.—Saturday evening a sad affair occurred on the farm of John S. Lewis about four miles from this place. A little four-year-old son of a widow named Woodrum was induced to look into the muzzle of a shot-gun by his brother, aged about nine years, when he pulled the trigger, discharging the load, which entered the little fellow's right eye, tearing the whole of the back of his head off, and killing him instantly.

THE MAGIC OF A KISS.

Christian Schnader, of Lancaster, Pa., vowed to seek a frightful vengeance upon his wife and Moore, who had eloped together. If he could only get them, so he said, he would instantly kill them both. His friend, Ginder, offered to search out the runaway pair, if Schnader would promise solemnly to punish them with death. Schnader readily promised; but when the wife was found, and she put her arms around him, kissed him and begged for forgiveness, he was overcome and took her home unharmed. He even thanked Moore for giving her up without trouble. The disappointed and disgusted Ginder cursed the party and left them.

MUSIC IN THE AIR.

CAMDEN, O., June 11.—The people are greatly

incensed here over the discovery that an organ-vendor and his organist, who came here about two and a half months ago, who have been playing the gallant and palming themselves off on our young ladies as single men, are married. The vendor's wife, it is said, came from Indiana a day or two since, and is stopping at a boarding-house in Eaton, eight miles north of here, and this being found out let the cat out of the bag. The confirmation of the statement was received to-day, and some of our citizens talk strongly of horse-whipping them if they don't leave town.

TAR AND FEATHERS TOO GOOD.

MOUNT STEARNO, Ill., June 9.—James Craig, an old and heretofore respected citizen of this county, residing near Versailles, was on Saturday held to bail in the sum of \$1,000 for his appearance at the fall term of the circuit court, charged with incest. His daughter Kate has a child one month old, which she alleges is the result of illicit intimacy between herself and father. She testifies that their carnal intercourse commenced four years, when she was sixteen years old, and has existed ever since, resulting as stated. The affair has created no little feeling, as the parties are respectively connected, and generally esteemed throughout the neighborhood. Craig went to jail in default of bail.

A HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.

James Hunter, a young school teacher at Mt. Zion, Denton county, Texas, school-house, was riding home after his day's work, when he was halted by four men. One of them walked up and dealt him a blow with a club, knocking him from his horse. All four of them seized Hunter and dragged him from the road into the woods, where they emasculated him. Hunter was left lying in the woods all night, and was found next morning by a farmer named Turner and taken to his house, where he received medical treatment. No cause is assigned, but it is reported by parties living in the neighborhood that Hunter had been too intimate with a certain young lady in the neighborhood.

A MURDEROUS SON.

The body of Mrs. Nancy Duncan, late a resident of Council Bluffs, Ia., was discovered buried near Pacific City, Mills county, on the 7th of this month, under circumstances that led to the belief that she had been foully murdered. The body had evidently been transported some distance, as it was fly-blown. It was wrapped in a common coverlet, tied about the middle of the body with a rope. On the left temple was a contused spot, and at the jugular vein was a deep cut an inch long, severing the vein and causing death. Later developments show almost conclusively that her son William Duncan perpetrated the deed. The officers are on his track and hopes are entertained of his capture.

ELVIRA'S RUIN.

John B. Zuber, residing in Vincennes, Ind., has filed an application for divorce from his wife, Elvira L. Zuber, nee Lovell. They were united in marriage on the 25th of July, 1878, and lived together for two years, when the defendant again slid down the scale of immorality, and entered a house of ill-fame, and has ever since been living the life of a common prostitute. Zuber is a young man, and before his marriage was well respected. His father was one of the land-marks in this city, and was one of the foremost citizens. The boy was considered a chip of the old block. It was with surprise, then, that his marriage with a common prostitute was announced. The girl abandoned her evil life and for a while did excellently, but Zuber's complaint reveals the affair as it now exists.

FATAL COURTING.

A mysterious murder or a terrible accident, causing death, occurred at Georgesville, O. The story is that Willie David Williams, of Commercial Point, and Miss Kate Turner, of Georgesville, were seated in a grove near Georgesville during the afternoon, some one fired a shot which took effect in Williams' breast, killing him instantly. There are three theories regarding this shooting. One is that the shot was fired by Joseph Turner, father of Miss Turner, and it is claimed that just after the shot was fired a man resembling Turner was seen about fifty yards away. Another story is that the shot was fired by a jealous rival, while still another theory is that Williams' death was caused from an accidental shot from a gun carried by a party of boys hunting in the neighborhood.

YOUTHFUL ELOPERS.

Two pairs of children have been taking a big dose of romance in Ottawa during the past week. A double elopement was planned. The two girls were aged 14, and their cavaliers 16, and their parents were people of good standing in society. One of the girls left a note in her bedroom, stating that she had gone away, and that her parents need fear nothing, as she would never do anything to disgrace them. It was ascertained that the four had crossed from Prescott to Ogdensburg at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. One of the boys, although older, was younger in appearance than the girls, and lower in stature, and he was able to pass at half fare on the cars. The others paid full fares. The girls did not have much money or many clothes with them, but one of the boys, who has of late been employed on the Canada Central railroad, is said to have had about \$30.

HOW CAME HE THERE?

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 15.—A little girl named Tillie Elliott, on her way to school this afternoon, dropped a slate-pencil while crossing a number of planks which covered an abandoned well in the Twelfth ward. In searching for the missing pencil, she peered through a crevice between two planks, and was horrified at seeing the body of a man floating at the bottom of the well. Word was at once sent to the police authorities, who had the body removed. It was recognized as that of Martin Quirk, a shoe-maker, who disappeared several days ago, and was thought to have committed suicide, as he had been drinking very hard of late. The discovery of the body, however, gives rise to the opinion that he was the victim

of foul play, as wounds on the head and body indicate violence. A coroner's inquest will be held.

GONE—WHERE?

NEWPORT, R. I., June 14.—Samuel Neil, once a prosperous and wealthy importer of New York, deliberately committed suicide in this city last night. Before retiring he wrote several letters to various members of his family, in which he said he was tired of life. He wrote that he had gambled of late and had lost heavily, and also that strong drink was getting the mastery over him. His wife, a most estimable lady, was compelled to leave him last week. He was in comfortable circumstances, and at the time of his death a daughter and a son living with him. Before taking strychnine, which caused his death, he washed and shaved and prepared himself for burial. His death struggles were heard by his children, and a physician was promptly summoned, but before the latter had arrived the poison had done its work. He had been in business here about two years. He has a son and daughter in Brooklyn.

SCISSORS AND FISTS.

The practice of duelling seems to be growing common again in the South. A number have recently taken place in various parts. The latest occurred one day last week near Manchester, Va. The combatants were Alexander Jones and James B. Mitchell. The men were room mates. It seems that Jones asked the other to lend him a small looking-glass. Mitchell did so, and at the same time used some language of an offensive nature. This led to words, and finally it was agreed that the matter should be settled then and there. Jones gave the challenge by slapping his opponent in the face. The men then fell to blows, and Mitchell picked up a sharp pair of scissors and stabbed Jones twice, once in the shoulder and another in the right side, laying it open and almost disemboweling him. The victor then jumped on a horse and dashed down the street, sent a physician to the scene and then attempted to escape, but was arrested. Jones will die.

HORRIBLE HANGING.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., June 13.—William Binns was hung at Warren, Bradley county, on the 11th inst., for the murder of Tom Edwards in June, 1879, near Monticello. He was convicted in Bradley on a charge of venue. Both were colored and were keeping company with a colored woman named Dora Cook, and Binns became jealous of Edwards. His body was found in Dora's house with the skull crushed with some heavy instrument. Binns was seen near the house shortly before, and when arrested had blood on his clothes. Both he and Dora were sentenced to death, but the Governor commuted the woman's sentence to twenty-one years' imprisonment, there having been doubts of her willing complicity. Binns showed great coolness on the scaffold, and died protesting innocence. The drop fell at noon. He died of strangulation, his struggles being fearful, and his breathing being heard forty yards from the gallows for some time after the drop fell.

CAME TO GRIEF.

About sixteen tramps camped on the outskirts of the city of Peru, Ind., on the afternoon of the 11th inst., and, after taking off part of their clothing, made indecent exposure of their persons to people living in that quarter. An attempt was made by the tramps to outrage a young girl, name unknown. When information was brought to the city, Marshal Tom Pierce, in company with four others, went to the camp and attempted the arrest of the outragers. A revolver was displayed by one of the tramps, with the assurance that it would be used if they were disturbed. Pierce responded by pulling his revolver and firing, the shot taking effect, and the tramp expired within fifteen minutes. A running fire was kept up between the pucky officer and the tramps until he had no more shots, and then he used his club very effectively, bringing in four as nasty specimens of the genus tramp as exists. Tramp outrages are of almost daily occurrence, and this is regarded as an initial step toward a vigorous abatement of this nuisance.

A BOLD ATTEMPT AT RAPE.

One of the most villainous attempts at rape was committed in Millersburg, Ky., on June 9th by James Gaines, a negro man, upon the person of a well-known white lady, who resides with J. G. Smedley. Mr. Smedley and wife were attending the equestrian exercises at Bryan's Hall, having left the house in charge of the young lady. During their absence Gaines entered, and after casting vulgar imprecations left the house and went out on the street, having been promptly ordered to do so by the inmates, though much frightened lady. It seems that he almost instantly started back, this time, no doubt, fully determined to accomplish his hellish design. But a negro girl, having arrived at the house in the meantime, met the villain on the steps and foiled his second attempt. When Mr. Smedley returned, the lady related everything, and as Gaines had quietly fled it was thought best to keep the matter quiet, but in spite of caution the affair became generally known, and created much indignation. Gaines is still at large, but if caught, will be severely dealt with. A bolder attempt to commit so heinous a crime has never been made in this place.

BARTERED AWAY HER FATHER'S REPUTATION.

John Guyse, a man of 60 odd years was recently convicted of incest with his daughter Minerva, at South Bend Ind., and sentenced to eight years in the Michigan City prison. His daughter who swore at the trial that the old man had had a sexual intercourse with her, now alleges that one A. S. Stillson, a young married man and near neighbor, induced her to swear against her father falsely. The Guyse family are very ignorant, and lived in the most abject poverty. The girl alleges that Stillson told her if she would get her father out of the way he would take care of her and furnish her plenty of money. After the trial Stillson waltzed home with the girl, and when about three miles out from this city, she alleges, he ravished her. These charges were published in *The Tribune*, and thus came to the notice of

Judge Noyes, who has granted old man Guyse a new trial on the strength of them. At the close of the former trial, the old man, when going to jail, declared he was incapable of sexual intercourse, and his wife substantiated the assertion. An examination by physicians proved the old man's statement true, and he will be cleared at the next trial.

A MURDEROUS MANIAC.

TUSCOLA, Ill., June 13.—Last week Mrs. Campbell wife of Joseph Campbell, living two miles north of Hindsboro, and the mother of twelve children, became deranged, and showed great enmity toward her husband. At 1 o'clock Friday morning, while her husband was in bed asleep, lying on his side, she procured an axe and attempted to behead him, but struck too high, and the unconscious sleeper received the blade of the axe across the bridge of his nose, severing it and sinking deep into each cheek. Supposing that she had dispatched her husband, the maniac wife, with the bloody weapon in her hand, started to the house of a neighbor named Maus, two hundred yards distant, with the intention of dispatching him, but fell into a ditch and failed. She was brought here and pronounced insane last evening, and will be taken to the Anna insane asylum for treatment. Her husband was treated by a physician of Hindsboro, who failed to stop the flow of blood, and a physician of Arcola was summoned, but he did not succeed until Mr. Campbell had bled nearly to death. The woman is the third person who has been examined for insanity from the same neighborhood within the last month.

RAPE AND MURDER.

The village of Johnson, R. I., was thrown into a state of great excitement the past week by the discovery of the body of Miss Amelia Potter, an old maid sixty years of age, nearly nude, in a dilapidated cellar on her farm. A young man named Walter Windsor, about sixteen years old, who lived on an adjacent farm, was arrested shortly after the murder was discovered and locked up in the Olneyville station. Suspicion strongly pointed to him as the perpetrator of the act. After considerable testimony the jury of inquest rendered a verdict of murder by some person unknown. After the inquest it transpired that young Windsor had confessed his guilt. He states that he called Miss Potter from her house about 8 o'clock in the afternoon to get some strawberries growing in an adjacent yard, and when she was going to the place with him he seized her by the throat with both hands and threw her to the ground. He then struck her a dozen times on the head with a large piece of iron until she was dead, then dragging the body to a cellar wall he threw it in, taking off most of her clothes in the act. He attempted to rape the woman afterwards, but hearing persons about he hastily departed. Windsor was arraigned for murder, pleaded guilty, and was committed to await the action of the Grand Jury.

A FEARFUL BOAT RIDE.

CINCINNATI, O., June 12.—This morning a girl named Rose Bell, between fifteen and sixteen years of age, accompanied by Mrs. Seider, of Campbell county, Kentucky, called at the Police Headquarters, and with tears in her eyes told a terrible tale of how she had been outraged. She said she was an orphan, residing with a family on Fifth street, near Mill; that about two weeks ago she was introduced to a man who called himself Will Jones, and claimed to live on Freeman avenue. Jones called on her several times, and yesterday he asked her to take a shiff ride with him. She consented, and they procured a shiff at the foot of Lawrence street. They went up the Licking River about three miles, when Jones suggested that they get out and sit on the bank awhile. The girl remarked it was about time they were returning to the city, and that she was anxious to get back. Jones paid no attention to what the girl said, but pulled the boat to the shore. On the Covington side he persuaded the girl to go up the bank a short distance, when, without further ado, he grasped her by the throat and choked her until she was almost insensible. When the girl recovered sufficiently to speak she begged him to take her back to the city. They got in the boat, when he rowed to the opposite side, where he threw her into the river and landed her on the shore half dead. Some men found her and took her to Mrs. Seider's house. That lady brought the girl to Cincinnati. Search is being made for Jones, but he has not yet been found.

HOOROE OF HORRORS.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 12.—A murder, rivalling in horror the Brown murder, has just come to light, the facts of which, so far as known, are briefly as follows: Yesterday afternoon two colored men went to the farm of Jas. Thomas, who lives near Lawrence, a village on the Bee Line, about eleven miles from the city, and told the people there that they had been to the house of John Williams, a colored man, living on the same farm, and had found his wife dying—almost dead, her head being badly injured. Upon going to Mrs. Williams' house Mrs. Williams, who is a white woman, was found in the condition described, her skull being horribly battered, evidently with a mallet, which was lying near by covered with blood. The woman was still living, though in an unconscious condition. She was brought into the hospital this morning, but cannot survive. Williams' horse was found in a wood some distance away, with its throat cut, and his hat was near the horse. As he was not about, and as he and his wife had had some trouble, suspicion at first fell upon him, but today his dead body was found in a woods adjoining that where his horse was discovered, his head being battered into a jelly, apparently with some blunt instrument, perhaps a club. It is believed the bloody deed was done on Wednesday or Thursday night. Nothing is known of the two colored men who first reported the murder, except that they lived in the city, and so far they have not turned up. There is no clew to the perpetrators of the murder, though the police have the case in hand and are making strenuous efforts to unravel the mystery.

A LECHEBOUS ATTORNEY.

Under Guise of Act of Kindness he Accomplishes the Ruin of a Young Lady—A Dastardly Assault.

The state of Kansas is rapidly looming into prominence for sensations of every character. Stafford and Kingman counties have already lost their county attorneys, they having sloped under charges of forgery. Next comes Pratt county. M. G. Barney, county attorney, was arrested June 1st by a warrant from Justice Hickman, of Reno county, charged with rape upon Miss Freeman, a resident of Iuka, in that state, and formerly one of the school teacher examiners of Pratt county, a young lady much respected by all who knew her. It would appear that Barney borrowed a buggy of Mr. Freeman to go to Hutchinson, and Miss Freeman, desiring to go to her sister's at Larned, was induced to go by way of Hutchinson with Barney, under the promise that as Barney had a pass for his wife to travel on the Santa Fe Railroad she could use that pass from Hutchinson to Larned. Half way from Iuka to Hutchinson Barney drew her by force from the buggy to the ground and drawing a pistol and by threats of taking her life accomplished his purpose. The whole community is excited and the end is not yet. An examination was held by Justice Hickman and the defendant committed to the Reno county jail in default of \$1,000 bail, for trial at the next district court. J. W. Van Winkle, of Larned, appeared for the prosecution, and Whiteside & Houk and A. S. Thomson for defendant.

SHE PLAYED HIM FALSE.

A Fort Wayne Gambler Finds his Mistress Unfaithful to him, and Destroys the Finery he Gave her, and Raises Merry Cain All Round.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A few weeks ago a gambler named Hennessy came to Fort Wayne, Ind., with his supposed wife, and obtained quarters at the Hanna House, a very fashionable boarding house. Mrs. Hennessy, being a very beautiful and elegantly formed woman, attracted much attention, and during Hennessy's frequent absences from the city she succeeded in making a number of very pleasant gentlemen acquaintances.

A few days ago Hennessy returned home, after several days' absence, and made discoveries which threw him into a perfect frenzy. He went to the Hanna House, where he created a decided sensation. He first attacked the woman, knocking her down and beating and kicking her in a savage manner. Then he broke open her trunk and, with a large knife, cut her elegant dresses into fragments, and having broken up the handsome furniture he took his departure. He was arrested, fined \$35 and costs, which he paid, and at once left the city. Mrs. Hennessy (so-called) says she is not Hennessy's wife, but only his mistress, that she was never married to him, and that her right name is Watts.

A Judge Murdered on the Bench.

GRAHAM, Texas, June 11.—E. R. Morris, county judge of Baylor county, was shot and instantly killed in the court-house in Seymour,



SHE PLAYED HIM FALSE—A FORT WAYNE, IND., GAMBLER FINDS THAT HIS MISTRESS IS UNTRUE TO HIM, AND SQUARES MATTERS BY RUINING THE FINERY HE GAVE HER.



HELEN BLYE, LATE LEADING LADY OF DALY'S THEATRE, IMPLICATED IN A RECENT SCANDAL; NEW YORK CITY.

day threatened to shoot herself with a pistol she said was bought for the occasion. She was not able then to carry her threat into execution, and to-day she tried to kill her husband and then end her own life. The shot fired at her husband entered the fleshy part of the shoulder, the ball lodging in the muscles of the arm, inflicting a severe but not dangerous wound. The doctor left the room in which the shooting occurred to go for medical aid, after which Mrs. Aldrich bolted the door and used the pistol in perforating her own body, firing five shots into her person—only three, however, taking effect. Two of them, aimed about the region of the heart, were rendered ineffectual by the corset worn by the woman, as they were found in her clothing. One of the balls entered her head through the eye, completely destroying it and inflicting a fatal wound. Great excitement was caused about the hotel by the occurrence.

A NEW IDEA.

One That Will Save Going Out Between the Acts to Get a Clove and See a Man—A Belle's Disgust.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Western belle, attending a theatre recently, complained in one of the scenes that the light was too dim to show the acting properly. "Won't you try this glass?" asked her escort, handing her his opera-glasses. Hastily covering the suspicious looking object with her handkerchief, she placed it to her lips, took a long pull, and then handed it back in great disgust, saying: "Why, there ain't a drop in it!"

James Bowers of Zaleski, Ohio, was known for a wonderfully good-natured man. That was why William Green, a loafer, on getting married, coolly went with his bride to Bowers' house and told him they would spend their honeymoon there. Bowers made no objection for several days, but the audacity of the visit gradually dawned upon him, and he finally told the couple to get out. Green's resentment took the form of shooting the amiable man in the head.



A LONDON SEXTON LOCKS UP A LITTLE GIRL IN THE RECEIVING VAULT OF A CEMETERY AND COMPELS HER TO KEEP COMPANY WITH A NUMBER OF CORPSES.—SEE PAGE 13.



A NEW IDEA—ONE WHICH SAVES GOING OUT BETWEEN THE ACTS TO CHEW A CLOVE AND SEE A MAN—HOW A WESTERN BELLE THOUGHT SHE HAD A "REVIVER" AND WAS MISTAKEN.

A HIGHWAYMAN BARBER.

The Daughter of an Equestrienne Way-laid by a Tramp and Shorn of her Tresses—A New Departure in the Outrage Line.

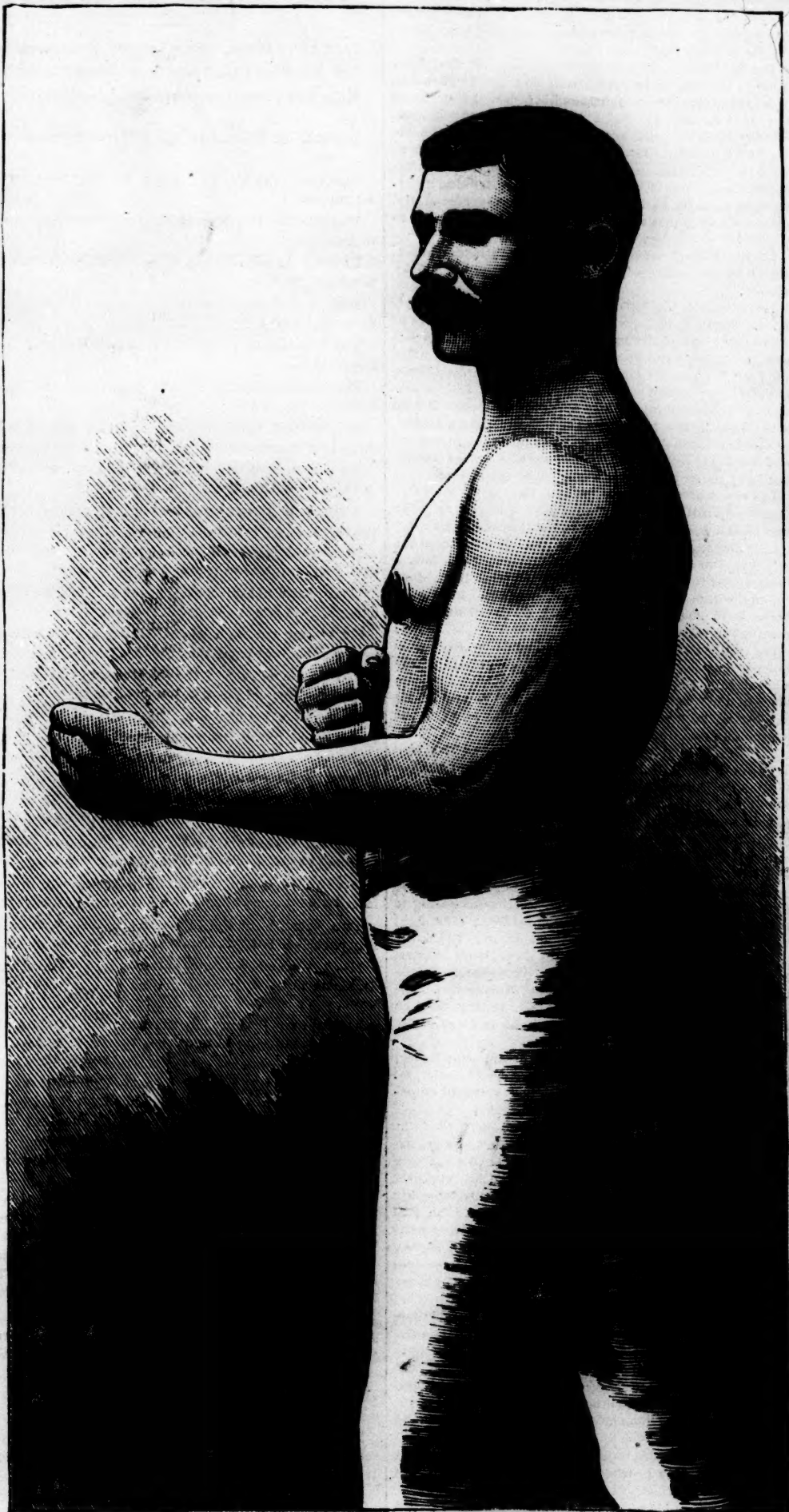
Agatha Dockrill, a bright little girl, twelve years of age, lives with her sister and her grandmother, Mrs. Kinneble, in a pretty cottage on Valentine avenue, near South Fordham, N. Y. She attends the public school at South Fordham, and is a pupil of the eighth grade. Agatha is the daughter of Mme. Dockrill, the leading lady equestrienne of Barnum's Circus, who is at present traveling. On Thursday morning, 10th inst., the little girl had a luxuriant growth of dark hair that fell in rich profusion below her waist. A few hours afterward her glossy locks were gone and her hair was clipped close to her head. It appears, according to the girl's statement, that about 9 o'clock on Thursday morning she started as usual for the public school. She had her hair done up in two neatly arranged braids. In going to school she passes an orchard on Valentine avenue, a spot which, however, is rather lonesome and generally deserted at that hour in the morning. She had gone but a few steps along the road at this point when a ragged, uncouth fellow with a black mustache crossed the street suddenly, and before she could realize his intention seized her by the throat. He did not hurt her much, but when she struggled to free herself he drew from his tattered clothes some sharp instrument with which he clipped off one of the braids of her hair. She was powerless to prevent the deed. She broke away from his grasp a moment later, and ran off as quickly as she could. The man, who looked like a tramp, did not pursue her. She ran, she says, until she reached the residence of Mr. John B. Harkin, and told him about her encounter. He at once sent the school-house janitor to the Thirty-fourth precinct station to notify Captain Bennett. Mounted police and patrolmen were sent out on the case without delay, and they searched the woods and the neighborhood for seven hours without finding any trace of the tramp. A general alarm was then sent out notifying the police throughout the city to be on the lookout for a man answering the description given by the girl. After the case was reported to the police, the girl says she went back home to her grandmother and obtained from her money to pay a barber for cutting off her remaining braid. Then she went to school, as usual, and created no little sensation among her schoolmates by the recital of her story. She laughed while telling her story that night, and did not seem to grieve over the loss of her locks.

GHASTLY COMPANY.

Locked in a Vault Amid the Dead—Fright Which Caused Death—A Heartless Scoundrel.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the most heartless punishments ever perpetrated happened near London, recently. A little girl wandered into a burying ground, which is under the charge of the chief sexton, and plucked a flower from one of the graves, unconscious of offence. The sexton caught her in the act, and determined to inflict a punishment which would effectually deter her from despoiling his graves for the future. So he dragged the terror-stricken child away to the dead house, in which four corpses were lying on biers, thrust her in, locked the door and went about his business. It was already late in the day, and the sexton, according to his own account, having finished his work, forgot all about the tiny prisoner incarcerated in the charnel house, and made fast the cemetery gates for the night. Next morning, returning to work at the usual hour, it suddenly occurred to him that he had omitted to let the child out of the dead house before going home. He hastened to unclose the door, when



THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE'S SPORTING GALLERY.

JAMES MURRAY, MIDDLE-WEIGHT PUGILIST, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

a shocking spectacle met his gaze. Crouched in a corner, with glassy eyes fixed in a death stare of horror, and blood stained lips, bitten through and through in convulsive agony, was a fifth corpse, that of his unfortunate victim. The hapless child had been literally frightened to death.

CONDON'S CRIME.

He Seduces a Beautiful Girl—She Becomes Remorseful, Takes a Razor and Cuts Her Throat.

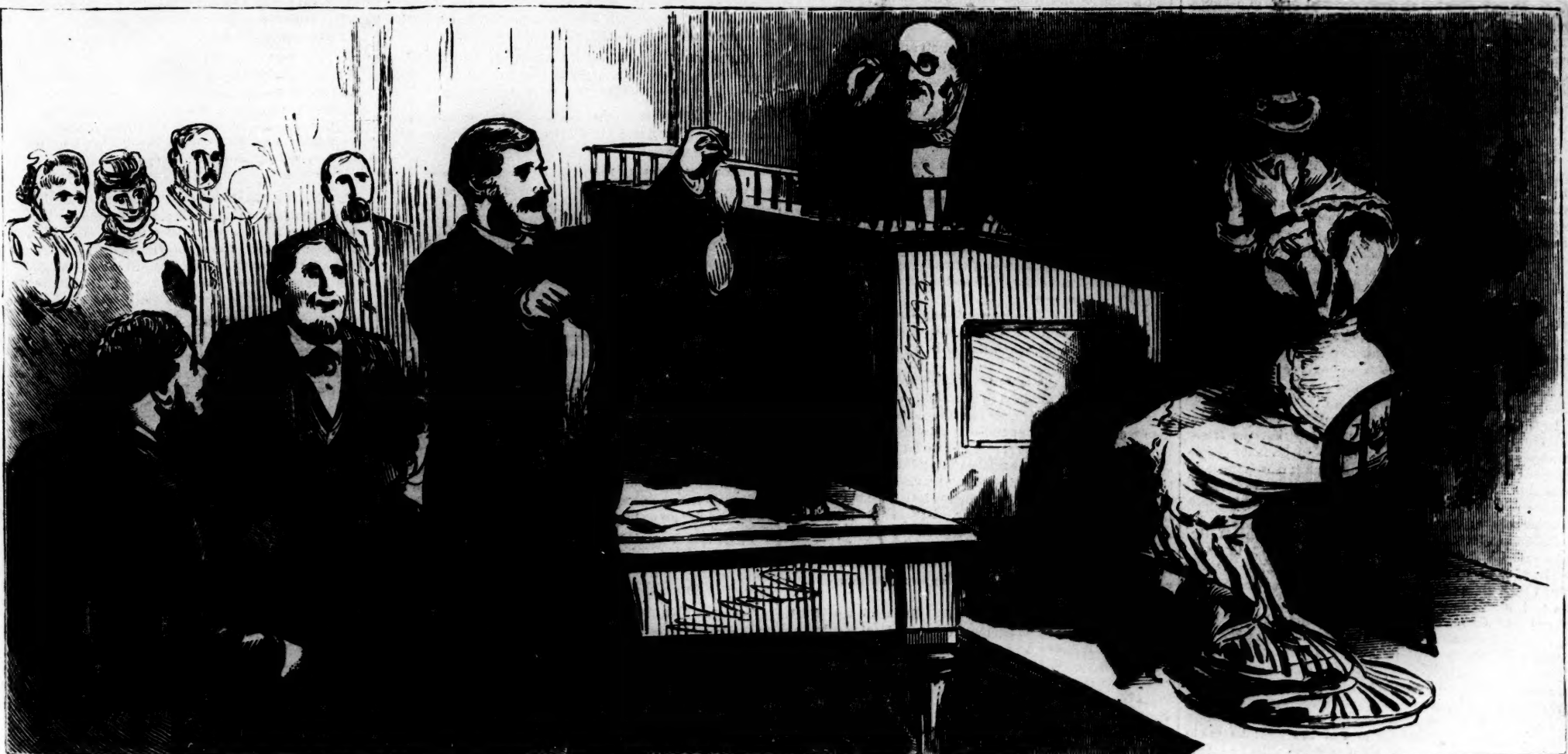
The inquisitive neighbors who reside in the neighborhood of a grocery store in Philadelphia, Pa., kept by a man by the name of Wm. Condon had noticed that he was trying for some time to get up a flirtation with Anna Coppin, a well behaved, pretty little blonde of seventeen years, residing at No. 1932 Dean street. The maiden seemed to repel his advances. Condon is a married man with three children. It is alleged he offered the girl money if she would submit to his embraces. On Tuesday Condon's family were absent, and the store was shut up. The girl Coppin was absent from her home all day. She returned home at night, apparently suffering much mental distress, and her mother questioned her closely concerning her whereabouts all day. Annie burst into tears and confessed that she had been with Condon all day. She was not reproached by her mother, however, who said that she blamed the man more than she did her daughter.

The following morning the girl, who seemed to grow more despondent every hour, disappeared. In the afternoon her father found her in an upper room dying from a gash in her throat, which she had inflicted with a razor. A physician was summoned, but too late, for in a short time the betrayed girl passed away. She had an affectionate, loving disposition, and was a constant attendant at the Sunday-school. Condon has run away. There is a warrant out for his arrest.

"HUBBY" HUNT.

The Wife he Left Behind—And the One he Found—A Surprise Party Which will be Succeeded by a Domestic Storm.

A good deal of excitement has been created in certain circles over a sensational encounter which occurred in a West Kansas City Hotel. A few days since there arrived from Chicago a woman with three children in search of work. She stopped for a time at one of the leading houses opposite the Union Depot, in the meantime, however, keeping a sharp lookout for a situation. Yesterday she was very much astonished to meet Thomas Hunt, proprietor of the Adams House, whom she said was the husband of her sister in Chicago. She also stated that Hunt left Chicago a year or two ago without saying goodbye to his wife, and that they all supposed him dead. She was astonished at meeting Hunt, but was astounded at the information that he was living here in Kansas City with another woman as his wife, and by whom he had one or two children. The sister-in-law claims that Hunt's name is Patrick Hunt, not Thomas, and that the wife he deserted in Chicago has supported three children since his departure. The information that Hunt was here has been forwarded to Chicago, and his wife, it is expected, will soon arrive, when startling developments are looked for. Hunt, when spoken to regarding the alleged desertion, stated the whole story to be for blackmailing purposes, and that in a few days the truth would be known. He was non-committal regarding details in the premises, but finally admitted that if he did have a wife in Chicago, he left her for good and substantial reasons. He reiterated the statement that hush money was at the bottom of the whole trouble.



A FEMININE DEALER IN LADIES' FANCY GOODS SUES A CUSTOMER FOR A DEBT INCURRED AT HER STORE, AND THE COUNSEL FOR THE PLAINTIFF OFFERS IN EVIDENCE SOME VERY "FANCY" ARTICLES IN THE SHAPE OF PATENT PALPITATORS AND FALSE CALVES—THE LEARNED JUDGE REQUESTS AN EXAMINATION TO ENABLE HIM TO DECIDE AS TO THEIR VALUE; CARSON CITY, NEV.—SEE PAGE 4.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE-RING.

Its Battles, Its Wrangles and Its
Heroes From 1812 to 1880.

An Interesting Description of the
Great Fistic Encounters Between
Pugilists of the Past and
Present.

Chris Lilly's Second Battle After
he Killed McCoy--Winning
With an Injured Arm
and Broken Ribs.

The Desperate Prize Fight in Which
Johnson Killed Edwards, After Fight-
ing Eighty Rounds, and Then
Fainted From

THE TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT HE RECEIVED

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE,
By W. E. HARDING.

(Continued.)

The fatal ending of the desperate battle between Lilly and McCoy was a death blow to pugilism for a time in America. Public opinion was aroused, and a hue and cry raised against the prize ring and its patrons. Jim Sullivan, better known as "Yankee," was arrested and sent to state prison for two years. Others who were principals or in any way interested fled for parts unknown in order to evade the authorities, who were making every effort for their arrest.

Many of the pugilists went South and took up a residence in New Orleans. No prize fight before or since, except the great battles between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, John C. Heenan and John Morrissey, and the great international fight between the Benicia Boy and Tom Sayers, England's once great champion, created such a sensation. McCoy had said before he entered the ring that he would win or he would never leave the ring alive, and his seconds were responsible in a measure for the terrible result of the great battle.

Lilly was equally as determined as his antagonist, and many who witnessed the fight state that if McCoy had not been killed or have lowered his colors, Lilly would have died fighting.

The battle was one of the most desperate ever fought in the ring in America, and it is doubtful if two pugilists ever fought so hard and so long with the same spirit and determination as did Lilly and McCoy.

After the fight Lilly went to New Orleans, where he remained quiet for some time until the fatal affair had been somewhat hushed up. After a few months prize fights were again of frequent occurrence.

At New Orleans, April 15, 1843, Bill Wilson and Ned Hughes, the champion light-weight of Louisiana, fought at catch-weights for \$300 a side, at Algiers, La. Wilson won in 41 rounds, lasting 1h. 15m.

On April 27, 1843, at Philadelphia, Jack Freeland and Matt Rush fought for \$500. It was a long and desperate battle. One hundred and sixty-nine rounds were fought in 2h. 58m., when Rush beat Freeland deaf, dumb and blind, and won a one-sided victory.

During 1844 pugilism began to be revived in New York, and several prize fights were on the tapis.

Bill Ford, one of the shining lights of the pugilistic world, and Tom O'Donnell arranged a match for \$500. The battle was fought in the spring of 1845. Thirty-four rounds were fought, and after a terrific battle, in which both conquered and conqueror were terribly punished, O'Donnell was declared the winner. O'Donnell became quite popular after his victory, and had hosts of backers, who thought he could whip any of the light-weights.

Joe Winrow challenged O'Donnell, and the match was made for \$500 a side. There was considerable speculation, and both pugilists were heavily backed. Winrow was at first the favorite, but O'Donnell's supporters thought he was invincible, and prior to the battle long odds were laid that he would win. The fight took place at Natchez, Miss., in November, 1845. In the first few rounds O'Donnell had the best of the fighting, until he was injured by a fall which bruised his right shoulder. He was backed heavily up to the twentieth round, when Winrow, who proved to be a first-class pugilist, had a decided lead in the fighting. Winrow made a gallant stand against his opponent, and in spite of the pluck and courage he displayed, Winrow cut-fought him.

After fighting forty-seven hard fought rounds, O'Donnell, who was terribly beaten about the body, while his face was badly defaced, hoisted the signal of distress and Winrow was decided the victor. The fight lasted 1 hour and 58 minutes. It was one of the most desperate battles that took place in the early history of the prize ring. O'Donnell's friends lost heavily and offered to match him to fight his conqueror again, but no match was arranged, and O'Donnell's stock again went up.

In 1845 there was another sensation in the pugilistic world. Deaf Burke, opponent of O'Rourke, the Irish-American champion, was murdered in Canada. Some claimed that he committed suicide, but it was the general opinion that he was murdered, but no authentic proof could be gained, while information about his death was scarce and unreliable.

Following, New Orleans had the sensation. Chris Lilly, who killed McCoy in the ring at Hastings, N. Y., in 1841, stumped New Orleans for some one to fight him. No one dared take up the gauntlet and sporting men were eager to find a champion willing to meet Lilly, who by his boasts and frequent challenges became obnoxious to those who were not his followers. A noted sporting man brought Harris Burchall to New Orleans expressly to fight Lilly. On his arrival Lilly's backers at once agreed to pit Lilly against him and the match was made. The pugilists signed articles to fight at catch-weights according to the rules of the Benevolent Pugilistic Association for \$200 a side. Lilly, on account of the fight he made with McCoy at Hastings, N. Y., was made a heavy favorite and long odds were laid that he would win.

Burchall, who was reputed to be a first-class middle

weight, was also backed heavily. The battle created quite a stir in sporting circles all over the country.

Both pugilists trained, and Burchall, it was claimed, too hard, but his backers placed great confidence in his ability to whip Lilly.

The fight was a long and desperate one. At first Lilly would gain the lead in the fighting and the Englishman would turn the tide of victory in his favor. Lilly forced the fighting and did some tremendous heavy hitting. Burchall had the most science and made Lilly's ribs the target for his blows for fifteen or twenty rounds, then he tried to blind him. On went the battle, round after round being fought and both pugilists standing up delivering blow for blow. Lilly was the receiver generally, and how he faced the terrific blows that Burchall sent in puzzled even his own backers.

Lilly possessed remarkable staying qualities and pluck, which he demonstrated when he met the game, plucky McCoy.

Thirty rounds had been fought and it was anybody's fight. Burchall's face was beaten out of all semblance of humanity, while Lilly had two ribs broken and his left arm was injured and he was also terribly punished. After the fight had lasted 1 hour and 30 minutes Burchall began to drop his arms and show signs of fatigue. Lilly's seconds saw this and made Lilly force the fighting. Round after round, the plucky pugilist fought like a demon, punishing Burchall frightfully. The latter made a grand and desperate rally to win the fight in the thirtieth round, but Lilly threw him heavily and fell on top of him.

The result of this round settled the fight. Burchall fought on until exhausted nature gave an expiring groan and he fell weak and senseless in his second's arms.

Lilly, who, was nearly used up was then declared the winner, after one of the most determined hard fought battles ever fought. The fight lasted through thirty-four rounds, which were fought in one hour and forty minutes. Both pugilists were terribly punished and Lilly received the lion's share.

The battle and the result created quite a sensation in sporting circles, especially in New York, where Lilly was a great favorite, while Burchall's name was also in a blaze of glory for the plucky way he stood up and fought one of the best middle weights that ever entered the American prize ring.

The Burchall and Lilly fight was followed by a mill between Billy Wilson, who fought and whipped Ned White, the Louisiana champion, and Jack Stewart of New York. Wilson came on from the Crescent city eager to fight some one, and Stewart having proved to be quite a manipulator with the gloves in the many sparring exhibitions in the East decided to match him against Wilson. The match, after considerable challenging and counter challenging was arranged. Articles of agreement were signed for the men to fight at catch weights according to the rules of the London Prize Ring for \$500. The fight took place in February, 1848, in Connecticut. The battle lasted two days, darkness ending the struggle on the first day, when neither had gained the supremacy. On the second day the fight was renewed and Wilson won. The contest was a long and desperate one, lasting through eighty-three rounds, which were fought in 2 hours and 20 minutes.

Following this battle came an important one; Robert Count, brother to Ben Count, of Long Acre, London, famous as a candidate for the English heavy weight championship of England, was then in New York.

Yankee Sullivan, after the fatal prize fight of Lilly and McCoy, had given his promise not to act as a principal in a prize fight again. He had opened a sporting drum at No. 9 Chatham street, and like all pugilists before and since, thought the best way to advertise his "drum" was to arrange a match to fight. Sullivan was itching to fight Hyer, but still the great American pugilist refused to fight Sullivan for a less sum than \$5,000. The cunning Yankee finally decided to fight some one, and he challenged Bob Count, of the "English would-be-champion" brothers.

The match was arranged in January, 1847, the pugilists signing articles to fight at catch weight for \$500 a side. The match created a furor, and Sullivan to gain notoriety, publicly announced to his friends that Count was an Englishman and that he could thrash any John Bull before breakfast any morning in the year.

Count was looked upon as a good match for Sullivan, and many supporters flocked to his standard.

Both pugilists were to fight at catch weight, and after their training was finished Count was fourteen pounds heavier than Sullivan.

Count weighed 164 pounds, while Sullivan only weighed 150 pounds.

The fight took place May 11, 1847. The battle ground was near Harper's Ferry, in London County, Va., at the foot of one of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

About seven hundred spectators were present—as great talk had been made about the battle—and it was looked upon as an international prize fight. Sullivan was trained to the pink of condition.

He was seconded by Tom O'Donnell and Johnny Long, while Count was attended by Jim Sandford and Mason Bennett.

Count's colors were blue and buff, while Sullivan sported the immortal green. Betting was \$100 to \$40 on Sullivan. The fight was a desperate one. Sullivan won first blood and first knock-down. Sullivan displayed great science and agility; he out fought Count at all points and had him whipped in the first round. Seven rounds were fought in twelve minutes, when Sullivan was declared the winner.

Count was terribly cut up and battered all to pieces. Sullivan proved that he was a great general in the ring, a clever fighter and possessed of bull-dog pluck. His defeat of Count raised his stock and his friends decided to match him to fight Hyer.

On May 18, 1847, Tom Edwards and Jim Johnson fought at the coal mines at St. Louis, Mo. Eighty rounds were fought in two hours, when Edwards was killed by a blow on the jugular.

The battle was the most desperate encounter that ever took place before or since in America. Johnson had the best of the fighting for over one hour, during which both men were frightfully punished. Edwards still continued to pluckily come to the scratch and every round ended in one or the other of the pugilists being fought down.

In the eightieth round, to the surprise of every one, Johnson struck Edwards a swinging left-hand blow which landed under Edwards' left ear. The latter rolled his eyes, threw up his hands, and fell to the ground and never spoke again. He was carried from the ring dead. Johnson, who was frightfully battered up, on being declared the winner, fainted from exhaustion and excitement.

As there was not much publicity given to the fight, there was not much excitement over the fatal result.

After the Sullivan and Count fight again was there a hub bub in pugilistic sporting circles in New York. Allen McFee and Orville Gardner fought for \$3,000 at the Palisades up the Hudson. The battle was a desperate one. Thirty-three rounds were fought in 69 minutes.

In next week's issue we shall publish the great \$10,000 battle between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, fought thirty-one years ago.

[To be Continued.]

THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

YALE has won the college baseball championship. The American Rifle Team have arrived in England. HART and Rowell would make a grand race for six days.

HAZELL on December 17, 1877, ran 20 miles in 1h. 57m. 27s.

PAROLE went all to pieces in the race for the Ascott Cup.

WARBURTON, the famous English runner, is coming to America.

BARNEY AARON intends to match William Johnson to wrestle McMahon.

THE fastest trotting time to saddle is 2:15½ made by Great Eastern.

THE champion pacer of the world is Sleepy Tom. His record is 2:12½.

THE fastest trotting time on record for one mile is 2:12½, by St. Julian.

THE fastest mile running time on record is 1m. 39¾s., by Ten Broeck.

At Ascot, Leonomy won the Gold Cup, with Chipendale second and Zut third.

WESTON is living on his farm, leisurely counting the many miles he has covered.

In the betting on the Seekonk International single-scutt race, Hanlan is the favorite.

BOYD, the English champion, is a scientific, speedy oarsman, but labors more than Hanlan.

SOUTHERN turfmen claim Hindoo can outrun any two-year-old race horse East for \$5,000.

FONSO, the winner of the Kentucky Derby and the best three-year-old West, has trained "off."

SPORTING men are now agitating a prize-fight between Rooke and Donaldson, the Chicago giant.

ROWELL agrees to accept Hart's challenge if the colored pedestrian will agree to go to England.

W. A. DUNN, of Ohio, has sold Mollie Cad to Hon. T. J. Megibben. Mollie Cad is half sister to Fonso.

ALFRED GREENFIELD, the pugilist, offers to fight any man in the world for \$200, at catch weight.

OTTAWA is raising funds for a grand single scull international regatta, open to all oarsmen in the world.

THE receipts at the Epsom Grand Stand on Derby Day exceeded \$31,500, the largest amount ever received.

MIKE MCCOOL, the once-noted pugilist and king of St. Louis in 1838, is now rolling cotton bales on the levee.

In Auburn Prison Joe Coburn the ex-champion pugilist, is suffering from prison fare and fast wasting away.

DISCOURSE, by The Preacher, after winning the juvenile stakes at Epsom, was sold to Sir J. D. Astley, for \$1,500.

DENNY HARRINGTON, the English champion pugilist, is being imported to this country by a noted patron of pugilism.

THE Northwestern Rowing Association's regatta is to be held at Saginaw, Mich. It will commence on June 29, and last three days.

ARRANGEMENTS for the boat race between Warren E. Smith of Halifax, and Even Morris of Pittsburgh, have not yet been completed.

THE regatta of the Virginia Amateur Oarsman Association will take place on the historical Rappahannock at Fredericksburgh on July 6.

NEXT week we shall have a report of the Schaefer and Slosson game for the billiard championship and \$500 a side, set for the night of the 19th.

THE regatta of the Mississippi Valley Rowing Association takes place at Moline, Ill., on the 22d of June. It will have a big array of starters.

HARVARD and Yale's eight-oared crews are in strict training for the annual college championship race, which takes place at New London on July 2.

Now that Boyd, the English champion, has arrived, Saratoga hotel keepers should offer a big purse for Hanlan, Riley, Boyd and Wallace Ross to row for.

SLEEPY TOM has commenced the season of 1880 victoriously. He won in three straight heats at Adrian, beating Rowdy Boy, Lucy and Mattie Hunter.

WARBURTON is coming to America, and there is every probability that Byrnes and the great English runner may come together in a twenty mile race.

ROBERT BONNER thinks Lucy Cuyler as speedy as either Rarus or Edwin Forrest. He recently drove her a quarter to wagon in 33 seconds, a 2:12 gallop.

BROOKLYN sporting men are trying to induce John Dwyer, of Brooklyn, the ex-champion pugilist, to challenge Paddy Ryan to fight for \$5,000 and the championship.

PATRICK BYRNES, of Halifax, N. S., on Oct. 4, 1879, ran 20 miles in 1h. 54m. Byrnes ran several yards further, but owing to the irregular track only the full distance was timed.

JOHNNY ROACH, Paddy Ryan's trainer says: "Paddy can whip any man in the world. He will not fight again until September, and not then if the stakes do not amount to \$5,000."

COOPER, the English bicycle champion, has covered a mile in 2m. 46 2/5s., which is now the fastest on record. He also beat the record from five to ten miles, covering the latter distance in 30m. 6 3/5s.

THE Harvard College Cricket Club season has ended with two victories and two defeats. They won against the clubs at Lawrence and Portsmouth, and were defeated by the Longwood and Columbia elevens.

THE cricket match at Hoboken, N. J., on June 11, between University of Pennsylvania and Columbia College, resulted in a victory for the former. Columbia was beaten by 33 runs. Score—134 to 101.

On June 10th., at Detroit, Hopeful tried to beat the best time on record made by St. Julian, and failed. The track was heavy, wind blew a gale and Hopeful could not beat the twenties; Hopeful's time was 2:21½; 2:24½.

On June 9, at Poughkeepsie, Uncle Dave won the first two heats in the 2:34 race, and Brookside Flora the next three. Time—2:34, 2:30½, 2:29, 2:30½. Edwin Thorne won the 2:40 race. Time—2:42½, 2:35 and 2:34½.

JOHN SULLIVAN, the giant pugilist of Poston, is ready to fight any man in America with or without

gloves for \$500. Sullivan is 6 feet high, weighs 200 pounds, and is a boxer and a pugilist of no mean pretensions.

JUNE 9, at Boston, in the Beacon Park trotting races, Knox Boy won the \$227 purse. Time—2:28½, 2:28½, 2:29½, beating Annie Page, Robert Lee and Roland. The \$240 class purse was won by Richard. Time—2:28, 2:25½, 2:28½.

MR. JAMES E. KELLY, of New York, purchased of John M. Clay, Ashland Stud, Fayette county, Ky., chestnut colt, brother to Una, and bay colt by imp. Glenelg, out of Squeez'em, by Lexington, both two-year-olds; \$1,600 for the two.

NOVEMBER 15 is the date fixed for the long-expected boat race between Hanlan and Trickett. It will be rowed over the Thames championship course from Putney to Mortlake. The stakes will be £200 and the Sportsman's Champion Challenge Cup.

JOHN MCMAHON, the champion wrestler, says: "If Al Smith or Barney Aaron have an idea that William Johnson can defeat him in a collar-and-elbow wrestling match, all they have to do is to put up, that he is ready to wrestle for \$1,000 any time."

THE English Derby winner Bend Or's time in this year's Derby was 2:46. In 1876 Kiebor won in 2:44. This was said to be the best time, but it is a mistake, for Kettledrum and Blair Athol, in 1881 and 1884 respectively, occupied but 2:43 in going the distance.

DONALDSON, the giant pugilist of Chicago, is at Cleveland. He says if Rooke puts up forfeit and issues a challenge in the *Clipper*, that he will arrange a match to fight at catch-weights, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

THE fifteenth annual regatta of the Atlantic Yacht Club on New York Bay had 23 starters. The winners in their respective classes were the Crusader, Triton, Coming, Regina, Lizzie L., Elephant and Corinne. The Regina also won the "Livingston Memorial" prize for sloops.

At Oldham, England, the wrestling match, Lancashire style, for £100 and the championship between Teddy Lowe and H. Counsel, alias Borden, Lowe won, gaining first fall in 16m. and second fall in 5m. 30s. *Bell's Life* says Lowe has held the championship for eleven years.

SPORTING men must not forget that at Harry Hill's Theatre, June 24, the famous English champion light-weight pugilists, Tom Lane and young Dan Crutchley are to fight with gloves and make a grand display of the fistic art. All the champions of the boxing and wrestling arena are to appear.

THE new Athletic base ball nine of Philadelphia is O'Brien and T. Reynolds, catcher and pitcher; Mason, Reynolds and Barber on the bases; Hague, short-stop and O'Rourke, Sharkey and Lomas in the out field, the latter being change pitcher. They defeated the Defiance nine on June 4 by 12 to 0.

On June 9, at Annapolis, Md., the regatta of the Naval Academy resulted as follows: the cutter race, three quarters of a mile, was won by Captain P. R. Alger of the Fourth Division; time 5:48. There were four starters. The shell race was won by the University crew, beating the Academy crew 30 seconds.

PAROLE was not placed in the race for the Ascott Cup, which was won by Strathra. This is the fifth time that Parole has started this year. In three events he was unplaced, once he ran second, in the Epsom Gold Cup, won by Fashion, and in the Liverpool Cup he was disqualified after passing the post first.

A new interest has been imparted to the National Association's base ball championship contests by the entry of the new nine from Rochester. The Philadelphia Athletics, too, will also join the championship contestants, as also the Brocton Jersey City team, which latter nine defeated the Buffalo last week by 5 to 4.

LUKE BLACKBURN, Dwyer's Brothers crack, has now won easily in three-quarters of a mile, at a mile and a furlong, at a mile and three furlongs, and at a mile and a half, the fact is nearly palpable that the Dwyers have in the son of Nevada a colt as good as Bramble, for as a three-year-old Bramble could not have done more.

MR. M. F. DAVIS of Portland forwarded check for \$200 to cover the forfeit deposit of like amount made by Weisgerber of Wheeling, W. Va., for a three mile turning race with John A. Kennedy of Portland, for \$500 a side. The first deposits having been made, it is only necessary for the men to draw up and sign articles of agreement.

JULY 7th is the day now selected for the Freshman race between picked crews representing Harvard and Columbia, at New London, Conn. The Harvard and Yale University race takes place on July 1. All arrangements are completed now and await the coming of the crews, the last of which will not be later in reaching there than June 25.

At Baltimore the four-oared shell race between crews of the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia and the Ariel and L'Hirondelle Clubs of Baltimore came off on the Patuxent River over a two-mile course. The race was won by the L'Hirondelle crew by two lengths. Time—L'Hirondelles, 23m. 8s.; Vespers, 13m. 22s.; Ariels, 13m. 47s.

THE Young America Cricket eleven of Philadelphia will make a grand tour in July, playing chiefly in Canada, where they are to play their return match with the Hamilton Eleven. The team will include Messrs. George Newhall, Charles Newhall, Dan Newhall, Robert Newhall, Lange, Clark, Bussier, Brown, Dixon, Baird and Rensselaer.

At London, England, the great pigeon-shooting match for £400 between M. de Riviere and Mr. "Dashwood," a well-known nobleman, was won by the former. Each shot at 100 birds, 30 yards rise. Riviere killed 74 and won by four birds, Dashwood killing 69. A few weeks ago they shot at 100 birds for £100, which ended in a tie, each dispatching 72.

McMAHON and Dufur champions at collar-and-elbow wrestling are arranging a private wrestling match for \$2,000. Dufur and McMahon wrestled a few months ago for the title and \$1,000. McMahon won the first fall but through the unintentional stupidity of the referee it was not awarded to him. The match ended in a draw after seven hours' wrestling.

At Blackburn, England, May 29, 1880, James Warburton attempted to run 20 miles on a turf track in 2 hours. The great runner succeeded in his effort and accomplished the greatest running performance on record, when it is taken into consideration that the track was turf. Warburton covered the distance in 1h. 59 3/5s. He ran the first 5 miles in 28m. 12s., 10 in 57m. 5 1/2s. 15 in 1h. 37m. 30s.

HANLAN has a sister who is an adept with the oar. She is a widow and can row two miles nearly fast enough to beat most of the oarsmen in Canada. Hanlan was time rowing in a local two-mile race on Toronto Bay, and his sister also started. During the race she rowed up to

Hanlan, and said: "Have you got him beat, Ned?" "Yes." "Well, if you haven't, I have," and at that she set up a stroke that carried her ahead of Hanlan.

They are telling a good story in this city at the expense of a medical gentleman who recently officiated as referee of a prize fight that took place near Pittsburgh. During the battle foul after foul was committed by the winner, but to all the appeals of the umpires and seconds of the wronged man the referee turned a deaf ear, invariably replying "Fight on." After the mill was over a friend of the loser said to the referee, "I am surprised that you did not take cognizance of the many fouls committed by the other man." "How could I take cognizance of them?" queried the intelligent referee, "your man didn't halloo enough."

In the Oxford and Cambridge bicycle races at Cambridge, England, an interesting one-mile race took place between Frank Cooper, the professional champion, and the Hon. Jon G. N. Keith Falconer, of Cambridge College. Falconer was the favorite with the college, who backed him heavily. The race was close and exciting, and Falconer led until nearly the finish, when Cooper passed him and riding at a terrific pace won in 2m. 46 2-5s. Cooper's time is the best on record, and wonderful. The fastest time previously was 2m. 47 4-5s., made by H. L. Cortes, an amateur of Cambridge College.

At Philadelphia, June 12, a tremendous crowd assembled on the Schuylkill to witness the Malta Boat Club regatta. The first race was for working boats, and was won by H. G. Harris. In the pair-oared gig race, H. Horace Draper and Edwin Illman were the victors. The contest between four-oared gigs was won by J. L. Illman, L. O. Hopper, W. Skutchley and J. Hutchinson. In the double-scutt shells Horace L. Young and W. Trimble were successful, and the honors of the six oared barge race were carried off by E. Illman, T. H. Downing, F. W. Nece, W. J. Utheroth, J. Hutchinson and A. C. Rockhill.

THE STEAM YACHT RACE.—All arrangements have been made for the steam yacht race across the Atlantic, and it will take place in September. The contest will be for a purse of \$60,000. The yachts that are to compete are the Corsair and the Stranger, for Charles J. Osborn and George A. Osgood, were recently launched from Cramp's shipyard, in Philadelphia. The Yosemite, for William F. Balder, is being built by John Roach & Son, at Chester, Pa., and the fourth, for James Gordon Bennett, is on the stocks at Newburgh, N. Y. The prize is to be awarded to the boat that makes the best time between New York and Southampton.

At London, England, on May 31, William Cummings of Paisley won the ten-mile running championship of England, covering the ten miles in 51m. 47 2-5s., which is within 21 2-5s. of Deerfoot's great record, made seventeen years ago. Three competitors started against Cummings, viz.: T. C. Herbert, of Barrow-in-Furness, J. Stone Wandsworth and David Livingston, of Portobello. The race was a magnificent one all the way through, Cummings and Livingston running shoulder to shoulder for three miles; then the former went ahead and cut out the pace, reeling off mile after mile in fine style. Livingston came in second in 52m. 53 3-5s., and Herbert third in 59m. 7 2-5s.

THE Great Race Meeting at Chicago.—Owing to the liberality of Mr. J. H. Haverley, the popular sporting variety manager, the two race meetings at Chicago promise to eclipse any previous meeting of the kind ever held in this country. The first meeting begins June 19 and continues 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25; the second meeting June 30 and continues July 1st, 2d, 3d and 5th. There are eleven stakes to be run for at the two meetings for which there are four hundred and nine entries; an average of over thirty-seven to each event, a thing hitherto unapproached on the American turf. For the forty-one stakes and purses the princely sum of \$25,000 is added, and it is reasonable to say that stakes and purses will amount to fully \$5,000. The general manager, Mr. J. H. Haverley, is known far and wide, as one of the most active, enthusiastic and successful men in the country, when it comes to catering to the public. The meetings will be the best in point of sport, size of field and interest of any ever held in America.

At Cambridge, England, the great ten-mile bicycle race between the Hon. Keith Falconer of Cambridge and Fred Cooper, the professional, resulted in a victory for the latter. Large sums were invested and the collegian was the favorite. The first mile was made in 2m. 58s. Falconer took the lead on the third mile and led two yards at four miles, which he made in 11m. 58s. At five miles Cooper was passed by the collegian, and £10 to £3 was laid on his winning. The five miles were made in 18m. 4s. Both athletes then strained every nerve, and increased the pace, which became terrific, and the time from the fifth mile was the fastest on record. Six miles saw Keith-Falconer still leading by a yard in 18m. 4s., and at seven miles (21m. 7s.) was still leading by a yard, 23s. inside "record," but after travelling another half mile and 150 yards he had to retire, owing to a bad stitch in his side. His time for seven and a half miles was 22m. 38s. Cooper, who rode on to beat record, had for a few laps the services of Mr. Pollock, who took him over the ground at a great pace, but gave way to Cortis at eight miles. Cooper's time for eight miles was 24m. 7s., and nine 27m. 12s. Cortis now put it on, but Cooper stuck close to him, and in the last lap the Londoner tried to get away, but Cooper put on a grand spurt in the last 50 yards, and just beat him on the post. The time was 30m. 6 3-5s., the fastest on record.

SPORTING circles are somewhat agitated over a proposed international six-day pedestrian contest between Charles Rowell and Frank Hart, for \$10,000 and the world's championship. O'Leary has posted \$500 forfeit, and agrees to allow the English champion \$500 for expenses if he will come to America to compete against Frank Hart in a contest, Astley Belt rules, for \$5,000 a side. Rowell recently offered to compete against Hart in England, so the place for the contest is the only stumbling block. Rowell visited this country twice. He received fair play and was allowed to win a fortune, therefore he should have no scruples about again returning to meet America's great pedestrian. If the match is made it will create a furor. Hart, by his performances, has proved himself to be the greatest pedestrian in the world. He has only started three times, and in every six-day race he has beaten his race. In the Astley belt contest at New York, September, 1879, he sprained his ankle, but came in fourth, covering 482 miles. At New York, December, 1879, he won the Rose diamond belt, beating 65 starters, and easily covering 540 1/2 miles. At New York, April 1880, he won the O'Leary belt, and covered 565 miles, and could have gone 20 miles further. Rowell has started three times in six-day contests. In October, 1878, at London, in the race for the Astley belt and English championship, Rowell finished third, with a record of 479 miles. He was beaten by Corkey and Blower Brown. At New York, March 10 to 15, 1879, in the race for the Astley belt and world's championship he won, but only covered 511 miles. At New York, September, 1879, he again won the Astley belt and world's championship, covering 524 1/2 miles. It will be seen that Rowell's record does not at all compare with the wonderful performances of Hart.

NEW YORK BY DAY AND NIGHT.

Striking Pictures as We Go Around
The Clock—Midnight Scenes and
Noontide Photographs.

BOATING ON THE HARLEM.

How George Takes Emeline a-Rowing,
and Lets Her Catch Crabs
and the Devil.

BY AN OLD ROUNDER.

It was up on the Harlem River the other day that it occurred to me that summer was upon us.

Or so close at hand, at least, that we might just as well send last year's Panama to the scrubbers, fill the parlor grate with fancy paper and commence to put camphor in the pockets of our ulster, unless Mr. Solomon Stern has already taken that trouble off our hands with the usual charge of twelve cents for hanging it up in those mysterious cedar closets where the giddy moth doth not break in and play Creedmoor, with a bull's-eye scored every time.

It always struck me that the pawn-shop was a most marvelous dispensation of an all-wise Providence, which has a warm corner in its heart even for the young man who lives in hall bed-rooms and wears two suits of clothes a year.

That spring suit which is good for next fall would stand a mighty poor show if it had to spend the summer on the nail behind the door, not to consider the fact that it would be sure to fit Mrs. McGinness's first born the first time you took your girl to Manhattan Beach and ran a week in arrears.

But with Uncle Solomon's receipt for it in your pocket you are on the right side of the fence, with a good six months to climb over in.

I know any number of young gentlemen in New York who begin to make this prudent disposition of their surplus wardrobe about the time the boating season on the Harlem opens, and I always notice that about the same time they shift their lodgings, changing bed-room as well as street suits, as it were, without leaving the front door key behind.

It only cost a quarter anyhow, and no man is going to be mean about such a trifle with a bill for five weeks' room rent on the other page of the ledger.

Having moulted his winter livery and his lodgings our metropolitan young man does the next best thing, which is to take Emeline for a spin on the Harlem river.

You will find them on the water, to be sure, long before this, while the ice they were skating on the week before is yet drifting about in dirty floes with crows roosting on them, and they make love and talk nonsense with blue noses, stiff fingers and chattering teeth, but the real fun begins when the May moving reminds New York that winter and leaves do not last forever, any more than mirrors and bric-a-brac when the truckman has got outside of his fifteenth revival, and commences to feel real good.

Then the boatmen who have been drinking hot rum in the taverns by the bridge all winter, swapping lies about the weather and skinning one another at euchre and ancho pedro, sandpaper their oars, whitewash their houses and caulk the boats they haven't quite made up their minds to turn into firewood yet, to hold them together for another season.

I was explaining to one of these ancient mariners that I wanted to hire a boat, not buy one, when they came down the steps to the floats, and it struck me that the spring style of boating was the nearest I had seen yet.

Of course she wanted to row.

You never saw a girl on the Harlem yet who didn't; in fact of late years it has become a custom for the girls to take the river in by themselves and do their own rowing like little men, only a hundred times more gracefully.

Equally, as a matter of course, he let her take the oars.

I hope it isn't equally a matter of course, but the next exhibition of spring hosiery I got was of a character so complete that the most exacting critic couldn't have required more.

Crab catching is an amusement which has its special charms, but when you capture them with oars the fun is more on the side of the crab than its captor.

At least it seemed to be so in the present instance.

When he picked her up she sat down on the stern-thwart with the expression of a Roman vestal to whom some rakish sybarite has made improper proposals and hadn't another word to say till they got out of hearing of the float.

They had made it all up, however, when they came drifting back through the water dyed blood-red by the setting sun, and you wouldn't have thought she had ever had an oar in her hand to hear her little timid flurry when the paddle waves of the "Tiger Lily" made the boat rock and grind against the float.

"Don't be frightened, darling," he said, as he handed her out. "You're perfectly safe, you know, while I'm with you."

"I know, George, you are so strong and brave, but I can't help it."

"There, now you're all right anyhow."

And he bounced her up on the float, snatching a kiss as he landed her on her feet.

The next instant there was the sound of a smack that was not that of osculation, and he staggered back and began rubbing his jaw and studying the new moon overhead while an indignant voice exclaimed:

"You villain! This is your sick mother, is it?"

She was making poor Emeline look sick while George was streaking it for the elevated when I went to order a beer from a stylish young man with a very black mustache and a pin like a Chickering Hall chandelier, who slopped a quart or two of lager over my legs as he nodded out of the window and remarked critically:

"I never see the season open livelier."

If it does justice to the opening the milliners won't have any cause to complain.

An excellent sketch of the Goss-Ryan fight ornamented the last page of THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE last week. THE GAZETTE also contained a faithful likeness of William E. Harding, the champion walker and bicyclist, who is sporting editor of the New York News, the GAZETTE, and a contributor to the Cincinnati Enquirer and the Sunday News.—Buffalo Sunday News.

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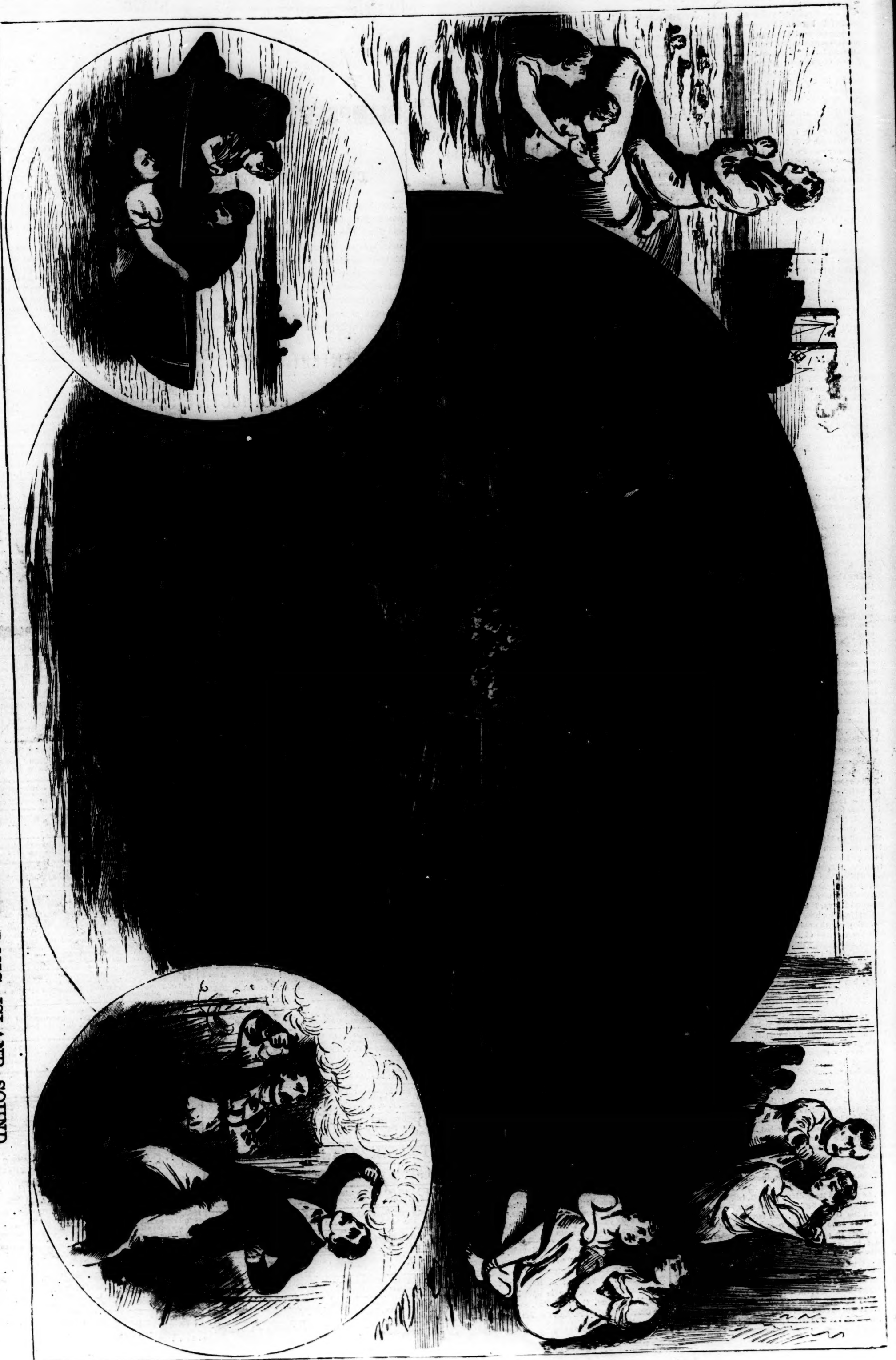
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